REMAINS
OF
Mr. *John Oldham*
IN
VERSE and PROSE.

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LONDON:
inted for *Jo. Hindmarsh*, at the Golden Ball over against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhil.* 1687.

18-76

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of these following Poems being dead, the Publisher thought fit to acquaint the World, that the reason why he exposed them now in Print, was not so much for his own Interest (tho a Bookseller that disclaims Interest for a pretence, will no more be believed now adays, than a thorough paced Fanatick, that pretends he makes a journey to New England purely for Conscience sake) but for securing the reputation of Mr. Oldham; which might otherwise have suffered from worse hands, and out of a desire he has to Print the last Remains of his friend since he had the good fortune to publish his first Pieces.

He confesses that it is the greatest piece of injustice to publish the posthumous Works of Authors, especially such, that we may suppose they had brought to the File and sent out with more advantages into the World, had they not been prevented by untimely death; and therefore assures you he had never presumed to Print these follow-

ing Miſcellanies, had they not already been countenanced by men of unqueſtionable repute and eſteem.

He is not of the ſame perſuaſion with ſeveral others of his own profeſſion, that never care how much they leſſen the reputation of the Poet, if they can but inhance the value of the Book; that ranſack the Studies of the deceaſed, and Print all that paſſed under the Author's hands, from Fifteen to Forty, and upwards: and (as the incomparable Mr. Cowley *has expreſt it) think a rude heap of ill placed Stones a better Monument than a neat Tomb of Marble.*

[Last Paragraph omitted]

To

To the Memory of

Mr. *OLDHAM.*

FArewel, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For ſure our Souls were near ally'd; and thine
Caſt in the ſame Poetick mould with mine.
One common Note on either Lyre did ſtrike,
And Knaves and Fools we both abhorr'd alike:
To the ſame Goal did both our Studies drive,
The laſt ſet out the ſooneſt did arrive.
Thus *Niſus* fell upon the ſlippery place, (Race.
While his young Friend perform'd and won the
O early ripe! to thy abundant ſtore
What could advancing Age have added more?
It might (what Nature never gives the young)
Have taught the numbers of thy native Tongue.
But Satyr needs not thoſe, and Wit will ſhine
Through the harſh cadence of a rugged line.
A noble Error, and but ſeldom made,
When Poets are by too much force betray'd,
Thy generous fruits, though gather'd ere their prime
Still ſhew'd a quickneſs; and maturing time
But mellows what we write to the dull ſweets of Rhime.
Once more, hail and farewel; farewel thou young,
But ah too ſhort, *Marcellus* of our Tongue;
Thy Brows with Ivy, and with Laurels bound;
But Fate and gloomy Night encompaſs thee around.

Authori Epitaphium.

HOC, ô Viator, marmore conditæ
Charæ recumbunt Exuviæ brevem
Viventis (oh! ſors dura) vitam,
Præcoce cœlum animâ petentis.
Nec præpedita eſt Mens celeris diù,
Quin Puſtularum mille tumoribus
Effloruit, portiſque mille
Præpes iter patefecit altum.
Muſarum Alumnus jàm fuit, artibus
Inſtructus almis, quas, ſtudio pio,
Atque aure quàm fidâ repoſtas,
Oxonii *coluit Parentis.*
Hîc quadriennis præmia Filii
Dignus recepit, Vellera candida,
Collati Honoris ſigna, necnon
Innocui ſimulacra cordis.
Sed manè montis ſumma cacumina
Aſcendit ardens, Pierio jugo
Inſedit, atque errore multo
Ipſum Heliconą *ſcatere vidit.*
Nunc pura veri Flumina perſpicit,
Nunc mira Mundi ſemina concipit,
Pulchraſque primævi figuras,
In ſpeculo ſpecies creante.
At Tu, Viator, Numina poſcito,
Ut diſſolutis reliquiis, vaga
Dùm mens remigret, detur——ah! ſit
Terra levis, placiduſque ſomnus.

Or

On the Death of Mr. John Oldham,

A Pindarique Paſtoral Ode.

Stanza I.

UNdoubtedly 'tis thy peculiar Fate,
Ah, miſerable *Aſtragon!*
Thou art condemn'd alone
To bear the Burthen of a wretched Life,
Still in this howling Wilderneſs to roam,
While all thy Boſom-friends unkindly go,
And leave thee to lament them here below.
Thy dear *Alexis* would not ſtay,
Joy of thy Life, and Pleaſure of thine Eyes,
Dear *Alexis*, went away
With an invincible Surprize;
Th' Angel-like Youth early diſlik'd this State,
And chearfully ſubmitted to his Fate.
Never did Soul of a Celeſtial Birth
Inform a purer piece of Earth.
O that 'twere not in vain
To wiſh what's paſt might be retriev'd again!
Thy Dotage, thy *Alexis*, then
Had anſwer'd all thy Vows and Pray'rs,
And Crown'd with pregnant Joys thy ſilver Hairs,
Lov'd to this day among the living Sons of Men.

II.

And thou, my Friend, haſt left me too,
Menalcas! poor *Menalcas!* even thou,

Of whom so loudly Fame has spoke
In the Records of her immortal Book,
Whose disregarded Worth Ages to come
Shall wail with Indignation o'er thy Tomb.
Worthy wert thou to live, as long as Vice
Should need a Satyr, that the frantick Age
Might tremble at the Lash of thy poetick Rage.
Th' untutor'd World in after Times
May live uncensur'd for their Crimes,
Freed from the Dreads of thy reforming Pen,
Turn to old *Chaos* once again.
Of all th' instructive Bards, whose more than *Theban*
Lyre.
Could savage Souls with manly Thoughts inspire,
Menalcas worthy was to live.
Say, you his Fellow-Shepherds that survive,
Tell me, you mournful Swains,
Has my ador'd *Menalcas* left behind;
In all these pensive Plains
A gentler Shepherd with a braver mind:
Which of you all did more Majestick Show,
Or wore the Garland on a sweeter Brow?

III.

——But wayward *Astragon* resolves no more
The Loss of his *Menalcas* to deplore:
The place to which he wisely is withdrawn
Is altogether blest;
There no Clouds o'erwhelm his Breast,
No Midnight Cares can break his Rest;
For all is everlasting cheerful Dawn.
The Poet's Bliss there shall he long possess,
Perfect Ease and soft Recess;

The

The treacherous World no more ſhall him deceive,
Of Hope and Fortune he has taken Leave:
And now in mighty Triumph does he reign,
(His Head adorn'd with Beams of Light)
O'er the unthinking Rabble's Spite,
And the dull wealthy Fool's diſdain.
Thrice happy he that dies the Muſes Friend,
He needs no *Obeliſque*, no Pyramid
His ſacred Duſt to hide;
He needs not for his Memory to provide;
For he might well foreſee his Praiſe can never end.

Thomas Flatman.

In Memory of the Author.

TAke this ſhort ſummon'd looſe unfiniſht Verſe
Cold as thy Tomb, and ſudden as thy Herſe;
From my ſick Thoughts thou canſt no better crave,
Who ſcarce drag Life, and envy thee thy Grave.
Me *Phœbus* always faintly did inſpire,
And gave my narrow Breaſt more ſcanty Fire.
My *Hybla* Muſe through humble Meads ſought
Collecting little Sweets with mighty Toil; (Spoil,
Yet when ſome Friend's juſt Fame did Theme afford,
Her Voice amongſt the tow'ring Swans was heard.
In vain for ſuch Attendance now I call,
My Ink o'erflows with Spleen, my Blood with Gall;

Yet,

Yet, sweet *Alexis*, my Esteem of thee
Was equal to thy Worth and Love for me.
Death is thy Gain—that Thought affects me most,
I care not what th' ill-natur'd World has lost.
For Wit with thee expir'd, how shall I grieve?
Who grudge th' ingrateful Age what thou didst
The Tribute of their Verse let others send, (leave
And mourn the Poet gone, I mourn the Friend.
Enjoy thy Fate—thy Predecessors come,
Cowley and *Butler* to conduct thee home.
Who would not (*Butler* cries) like me engage
New Worlds of Wit to serve a grateful Age?
For such Rewards what Task will Authors shun?
I pray, Sir, is my *Monument* begun?
Enjoy thy Fate, thy Voice in Anthems raise;
So well tun'd here on Earth to our *Apollo*'s Praise:
Let me retire, while some sublimer Pen
Performs for thee what thou hast done for *Homer*
and for *Ben*.

N. T.

On the ensuing Poems *of Mr.* John Oldham,
and the Death of his good Friend the ingenious
Author.

OBscure and cloudy did the day appear,
As Heaven design'd to blot it from the year;
The Elements all seem'd to disagree,
At least, I'm sure, they were at strife in me:

Possest

ſſeſt with Spleen, which Melancholy bred,
hen Rumor told me that my Friend was dead,
hat *Oldham* honour'd for his early Worth,
as cropt, like a ſweet Bloſſom from the Earth,
here late he grew, delighting every Eye
his rare Garden of Philoſophy.
he fatal Sound new Sorrows did infuſe,
nd all my Griefs were doubled at the News:
or we with mutual Arms of Friendſhip ſtrove,
riendſhip the true and ſolid part of Love;
nd he ſo many Graces had in ſtore,
hat Fame or Beauty could not bind me more.
is Wit in his immortal Verſe appears,
any his Virtues were, tho' few his Years;
hich were ſo ſpent as if by Heaven contriv'd,
o laſh the Vices of the longer liv'd.
one was more skilful, none more learn'd than he,
A Poet in its ſacred Quality:
inſpir'd above, and could command each Paſſion,
id all the Wit without the Affectation.
A Calm of Nature ſtill poſſeſt his Soul,
No canker'd Envy did his Breaſt controul:
Modeſt as Virgins that have never known
The jilting Breeding of the nauſeous Town;
And eaſie as his Numbers that ſublime
His lofty Strains, and beautifie his Rhime,
Till the Time's Ignomy inſpir'd his Pen,
And rowz'd the drowſie Satyr from his Den;
Then fluttering Fops were his Averſion ſtill,
And felt the Power of his Satyrick Quill.
The Spark whoſe Noiſe proclaims his empty Pate,
That ſtruts along the *Mall* with antick Gate;

And

And all the *Phyllis* and the *Chloris* Fools,
Were damn'd by his invective Muse in Shoals.
Who on the Age look'd with impartial Eyes,
And aim'd not at the Person, but the Vice.
To all true Wit he was a constant Friend,
And as he well could judge, could well commend.
The mighty *Homer* he with Care perus'd,
And that great *Genius* to the World infus'd;
Immortal *Virgil*, and *Lucretius* too,
And all the Seeds o'th' Soul his Reason knew:
Like *Ovid*, could the Ladies Hearts assail,
With *Horace* sing, and lash with *Juvenal*.
Unskill'd in nought that did with Learning dwell,
But Pride to know he understood it well.
Adieu thou modest Type of perfect Man;
Ah, had not thy Perfections that began
In Life's bright Morning been eclips'd so soon,
We all had bask'd and wanton'd in thy Noon;
But Fate grew envious of thy growing Fame,
And knowing Heav'n from whence thy *Genius* came,
Assign'd thee by immutable Decree
A glorious Crown of Immortality,
Snatch'd thee from all thy mourning Friends below,
Just as the Bays were planting on thy Brow.
Thus worldly Merit has the Worlds Regard;
But Poets in the next have their Reward:
And Heaven in *Oldham*'s Fortune seem'd to show,
No Recompence was good enough below:
So to prevent the Worlds ingrateful Crimes,
Enrich'd his Mind, and bid him die betimes.

T. Durfey.

On the Death of Mr. John Oldham.

HEark! is it only my prophetick Fear,
Or ſome Death's ſad Alarum that I hear?
By all my Doubts 'tis *Oldham*'s fatal Knell;
It rings aloud, eternally farewel:
Farewel thou mighty *Genius* of our Iſle,
Whoſe forward Parts made all our Nation ſmile,
In whom both Wit and Knowledge did conſpire,
And Nature gaz'd as if ſhe did admire
How ſuch few years ſuch Learning could acquire:
Nay ſeem'd concern'd that we ſhould hardly find
So ſharp a Pen, and ſo ſerene a Mind.
Oh then lament; let each diſtracted Breaſt
With univerſal Sorrow be poſſeſt.
Mourn, mourn, ye Muſes, and your Songs give o'er;
For now your lov'd *Adonis* is no more.
He whom ye tutor'd from his Infant-years,
Cold, pale and ghaſtly as the Grave appears:
He whom ye bath'd in your lov'd murmuring Stream,
Your daily pleaſure, and your mighty Theme
Is now no more; the Youth, the Youth is dead,
The mighty Soul of Poetry is fled;
Fled ere his Worth or Merit was half known;
No ſooner ſeen, but in a Moment gone:
Like to ſome tender Plant, which rear'd with Care,
At length becomes moſt fragrant, and moſt fair;

Long does it thrive, and long its Pride maintain,
Esteem'd secure from Thunder, Storm or Rain;
Then comes a Blast, and all the Work is vain.
But Oh! my Friend, must we no more reheare
Thy equal Numbers in thy pleasing Verse?
In Love how soft, in Satyr how severe?
In Passion moving, and in Rage austere!
Virgil in Judgment, *Ovid* in Delight,
An easie Thought with a *Meonian* Flight;
Horace in Sweetness, *Juvenal* in Rage,
And even *Biblis* must each Heart engage!
Just in his Praises, and what most desire,
Wou'd flatter none for Greatness, Love or Hire;
Humble, though courted, and what's rare to see,
Of wondrous Worth, yet wondrous Modesty.
So far from Ostentation he did seem,
That he was meaneſt in his own Esteem.
Alas, young man, why wert thou made to be
At once our Glory and our Misery?
Our Misery in losing thee is more
Than could thy Life our Glory be before:
For shou'd a Soul celestial Joys possess,
And straight be banish'd from that Happiness,
Oh, where would be its Pleasure? where its Gain?
The Bliss once tasted but augments the Pain:
So having once so great a Prize in thee,
How much the heavier must our Sorrows be?
For if such Flights were in thy younger Days,
What if thou'dst liv'd, O what had been thy Praise?
Eternal Wreaths of never dying Bays:
But those are due already to thy Name,
Which stands enroll'd in the Records of Fame;

And

And though thy great Remains to Aſhes turn,
With laſting Praiſes we'll ſupply thy Urn,
Which like Sepulchral Lamps ſhall ever burn.
But hold! methinks, great Shade, I ſee thee rove
Through the ſmooth Path of Plenty, Peace and Love;
Where *Ben.* ſalutes the firſt, o'erjoy'd to ſee
The Youth that ſung his Fame and Memory:
Great *Spenſer* next, with all the learned Train,
Do greet thee in a Panegyrick Strain:
Adonis is the Joy of all the Plain.

Tho. Andrews.

DAMON, an ECLOGUE

On the untimely Death of Mr. Oldham.

Corydon. Alexis.

BEneath a diſmal Yew the Shepherds ſate, (Fate:
And talk'd of *Damon*'s Muſe and *Damon*'s
Their mutual Lamentations gave them Eaſe;
For ſometimes Melancholy it ſelf does pleaſe:
Like *Philomel* abandon'd to diſtreſs,
Yet ev'n their Griefs in Muſick they expreſs.
Cor. I'll ſing no more ſince Verſes want a Charm,
The Muſes could not their own *Damon* arm:

At

At leaſt I'll touch this uſeleſs Pipe no more,
Unleſs, like *Orpheus*, I could Shades reſtore.
A. Rather, like *Orpheus*, celebrate your Friend,
And with your Muſick Hell it ſelf ſuſpend:
Tax *Proſerpine* of Cruelty and Hate,
And ſing of *Damon*'s Muſe, and *Damon*'s Fate.
C. When *Damon* ſung, he ſung with ſuch a Grace,
Lord, how the very *London*-brutes did gaze!
Sharp was his Satyr, nor allay'd with Gall;
'Twas Rage, 'twas generous Indignation all.
A. Oh had he liv'd, and to Perfection grown,
Not like *Marcellus*, only to be ſhown;
He would have charm'd their Sence a nobler way,
Taught Virgins how to ſigh, and Prieſts to pray.
C. Let Prieſts and Virgins then to him addreſs,
And in their Songs their Gratitude expreſs,
While we that know the Worth of eaſie Verſe,
Secure the Laurel to adorn his Herſe. (wear,
A. Codrus, you know, that ſacred Badge does
And 'twere injurious not to leave it there;
But ſince no Merit can ſtrike Envy dumb,
Do you with *Baccar*, guard and grace his Tomb.
C. While you (dear Swain) with unaffected
Majeſtick, ſad, and ſuited to the Time, (Rhime,
His Name to future Ages conſecrate,
By praiſing of his Muſe, and mourning of his Fate.
A. Alas, I never muſt pretend to this,
My Pipe ſcarce knows a Tune but what is his:
Let future Ages then for *Damon*'s ſake,
From his own Works a juſt *Idæa* take.

Yet

Yet then, but like *Alcides* he'll be ſhown,
And from his meaneſt part his Size be known.
C. 'Twill be your Duty then to ſet it down.
A. Once and but once (ſo Heaven and Fate ordain)
I met the gentle Youth upon the Plain,
Kindly, cries he, if You *Alexis* be,
And though I know you not you muſt he be;
Too long already we have Strangers been,
This Day, at leaſt, our Friendſhip muſt begin.
Let Buſineſs, that perverſe Intruder, wait,
To be above it is poetical and great.
Then with *Aſſyrian* Nard our Heads did ſhine,
While rich *Sabæan* Spice exalts the Wine;
Which to a juſt Degree our Spirits fir'd;
But he was by a greater God inſpir'd:
Wit was the Theme, which he did well deſcribe,
With Modeſty unuſual to his Tribe.
But as with ominous Doubts, and aking Heart,
When Lovers after firſt Enjoyment part,
Not half content; for this was but a Taſte,
And wond'ring how the Minutes flew ſo faſt,
They vow a Friendſhip that ſhall ever laſt.
So we—— but oh how much am I accurs'd!
To think that this laſt Office is my firſt.

Occasioned by the present Edition of the ensuing Poems, *and the Death of the ingenious* Author.

CUrs'd be the day when first this Godly Isle
Vile Books, and useless thinking did defile.
In *Greek* and *Latin* Bogs our Time we waste,
When all is Pain and Weariness at best:
Mountains of Whims and Doubts we travel o'er,
While treacherous Fancy dances on before:
Pleas'd with our Danger still we stumble on,
Too late repent, and are too soon undone.
Let *Bodley* now in its own ruins lie,
By th' common Hangman burnt for Heresie.
Avoid the nasty *learned* dust, 'twill breed
More Plagues than ever Jakes or Dunghils did.
The want of Dulness will the World undo,
'Tis Learning makes us mad and Rebels too.
Learning, a Jilt which while we do enjoy,
Slily our Rest and Quiet steals away;
That greedily the Blood of Youth receives,
And nought but Blindness and a Dotage gives.
Worse than the Pox, or scolding Woman fly
The awkward Madness of Philosophy.
That *Bedlam Bess*, *Religion* never more
Phantastick, pie-ball'd, antick Dresses wore:
Opinion, Pride, Moroseness gives a Fame;
'Tis Folly, christen'd with a modish Name.

Let

Let dull Divinity no more delight;
It ſpoils the Man, and makes an *Hypocrite*.
The chief Profeſſors to Preferment fly,
By Cringe and Scrape, the baſeſt *Simony*.
The humble Clown will beſt the Goſpel teach,
And *inſpir'd* Ign'rance ſounder Doctrines preach.
A way to Heaven mere Nature well does ſhew,
Which reaſoning and Diſputes can never know.
Yet ſtill proud Tyrant *Sence* in Pomp appears,
And claims a Tribute of full threeſcore Years.
Sew'd in a Sack, with Darkneſs circl'd round,
Each man muſt be with *Snakes* and *Monkeys* drown'd.
Laborious Folly, and compendious Art,
To waſte that Life whoſe longeſt Date's too ſhort.
Laborious Folly, to wind up with Pain
What Death unravels ſoon, and renders vain.
We blindly hurry on in Myſtick ways,
Nor wiſely tread the Paths of ſolid Praiſe.
There's nought deſerves one precious drop of
But Poetry, the nobleſt Gift of Fate, } ſweat,
Which after Death does a more laſting Life beget.
Not that which ſudden, frantick Heats produce,
Where Wine and Pride, not Heaven, ſhall raiſe the
Muſe.
Not that ſmall Stock which does Tranſlators make;
That Trade poor Bankrupt-Poetaſters take:
But ſuch, when God his *Fiat* did expreſs,
And powerful Numbers wrought an Univerſe.
With ſuch great *David* tun'd his charming Lyre,
That even *Saul* and *Madneſs* could admire.
With ſuch Great *Oldham* bravely did excel,
That *David*'s Lamentation ſung ſo well.

Oldham! the Man that could with Judgment write,
Our *Oxford*'s Glory, and the World's Delight.
Sometimes in boundleſs keeneſt Satyr bold,
Sometimes as ſoft as thoſe Love-tales he told.
That Vice could praiſe, and Virtue too diſgrace;
The firſt *Exceſs* of Wit that e'er did pleaſe.
Scarce *Cowley* ſuch Pindarique ſoaring knew,
Yet by his Reader ſtill was kept in view.
His Fancy, like *Jove*'s Eagle liv'd above,
And bearing Thunder ſtill would upward move.
Oh noble *Kingſton*! had thy lovely Gueſt
With a large ſtock of Youth and Life been bleſt;
Not all thy Greatneſs, or thy Vertues ſtore
Had ſurer Comforts been, or pleaſed thee more.
But Oh! the date is ſhort of mighty Worth,
And Angels never tarry long on Earth.
His ſoul, the bright, the pure Etherial Flame
To thoſe lov'd Regions flew, from whence it came.
And ſpight of what Mankind had long believ'd,
My Creed ſays only Poets can be ſav'd.
That God has only for a number ſtaid,
To ſtop the breach, which Rebel Angels made.
For none their abſence can ſo well ſupply;
They are all of Seraphick Harmony.
Then, and not that till then the World ſhall burn
And its baſe Droſs, Mankind their fortune mourn,
While all to their old nothing quick return.
The peeviſh Critick then ſhall be aſham'd,
And for his *Sins* of Vanity be damn'd.

Oxon, May the 26th. 1684. *T. Wood.*

On the Death of Mr. Oldham,

A PASTORAL.

On the Remains of an old blaſted Oak
Unmindful of himſelf *Menalcas* lean'd;
He ſought not now in heat the ſhades of Trees,
But ſhun'd the flowing Rivers pleaſing bank.
His Pipe and Hook lay ſcatter'd on the Graſs:
Nor fed his Sheep together on the Plain,
Left to themſelves they wandred out at large.
In this Lamenting ſtate Young *Corydon*
(His Friend and Dear Companion of his Hour)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cauſe.

Corydon.

Thee have I ſought in every ſhady Grove,
By purling Streams, and in each private Place,
Where we have us'd to ſit and talk of Love.
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blaſted and by Thunder rent?
What curſed Chance has turn'd thy chearful Mind?
And why wilt thou have woes unknown to me?
But I would Comfort and not chide my Friend:
Tell me thy Grief, and let me bear a Part.

Young *Aſtrophel* is dead, Dear *Aſtrophel*,
He that could Tune ſo well his charming Pipe:
To hear whoſe Lays Nymphs left their Cryſtal Spring,
The *Fawns* and *Dryades* forſook the Woods,
And hearing, all were raviſh'd: Swifteſt Streams
with-held their Courſe to hear the Heavenly Sound,
And murmur'd, when by following Waves preſt on,
The following Waves forcing their Way to hear.
Oft the Fierce wolf purſuing of the Lamb,
Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,
Left the Purſuit rather than loſe the Sound
Of his alluring Pipe: The Harmleſs Lamb
Forgot his Nature and forſook his Fear,
Stood by the Wolf and liſtned to the Sound.
He could command a general Peace and Nature would obey.
This Youth, this Youth is dead, the ſame Diſeaſe,
That carried ſweet *Orinda* from the World,
Seiz'd upon *Aſtrophel*: Oh Let theſe Tears
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,
And Let my Speech give way a while to Sighs.

Corydon.

Weep on *Menalcas*, for his Fate requires
The Tears of all Mankind: General the Loſs,
And General be the Grief, except by Fame
I knew him not but ſurely this is he,

Who

Who Sung learn'd *Collin's, or great *Ægon's Praiſe?
Dead ere he liv'd, yet have new Life from him.
Did he not mourn lamented *Bion's Death;
In Verſe equal to what *Bion* wrote?

*Spencer and Johnſon.
*Rocheſter.

Menalcas.

Yes this was he (oh that I ſay he was)
He that could ſing the Shepherds deeds ſo well,
Whether to praiſe the Good he turn'd his Pen,
Or laſht the egregious Folly of the Bad,
In both he did excell. ———
His happy genius bid him take the Pen,
And dictated more faſt than he could write,
Sometimes becoming Negligence adorn'd
His Verſe, and Nature ſhew'd they were her own,
Yet Art he us'd, where Art could uſeful be,
But ſweated not to be correctly dull.

Corydon.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer thread,
Adding Experience to that wondrous Fraught
of Youthful Vigor, how would he have wrote!

Menalcas.

We wiſh for Life, not thinking of its Cares,
I mourn his Death, the loſs of ſuch a Friend:
But for himſelf he dyed in the beſt Hour,

And carryed with him ev'ry mans Applauſe.
Youth meets not with Detractions blotting hand,
Nor ſuffers ought from Envy's canker'd Mind.
Had he known Age, he would have ſeen the World,
Put on its ugliеſt but its trueſt Face:
Malice had watch'd the Droppings of his Pen,
And ignorant Youths, who would for Criticks paſs,
Had thrown their ſcornful Jeſts upon his Vene,
And cenſur'd what they did not underſtand.
Such was not my Dear *Aſtrophel*: he's dead,
And I ſhall quickly follow him, what's Death,
But an eternal Sleep without a Dream?
Wrapt in a laſting Darkneſs, and exempt
From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle Paſſion.

Corydon.

See thy Complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,
They mourn the Death of *Aſtrophel* in Tears.
Thy Sheep return'd from ſtraying, round they gaze,
And wonder at thy mourning: Drive them Home,
And tempt thy troubled mind with eaſing Sleep.
To Morrow chearful Light may give thee Comfort.

To

To the Memory of

Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

BUT that 'tis dangerous for Man to be
Too buſie with Immutable Decree,
I could, dear Friend, ev'n blame thy cruel Doom,
That lent ſo much, to be requir'd ſo ſoon:
The Flow'rs, in which the *Meads* are dreſt ſo gay,
Altho' they are ſhort liv'd, they live a Day;
Thou, in the Noon of Life wert ſnatch't away:
Though not before thy Verſe had Wonders ſhown,
And bravely made the Age to come thine own!
The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,
Were not ſo charming, not ſo ſweet as thine;
They quickly periſh; yours was ſtill the ſame,
An Everlaſting, but a Lambent Flame;
Which ſomething ſo reſiſtleſs did impart,
It ſtill through ev'ry Ear, won ev'ry Heart:
Unlike the Wretch that ſtrives to get Eſteem,
Nay, thinks it fine and Janty to blaſpheme,
And can be witty on no other Theme:
Ah Fooliſh men, (whom thou did'ſt ſtill deſpiſe)
That muſt be wicked to be counted wiſe!
But thy Converſe was from this Errour free;
And yet, 'twas ev'ry thing true Wit can be:
None had it, but, ev'n with a Tear, does own,
The Soul of dear Society is gone.

But

But while we thus thy Native Sweetneſs ſing,
We ought not to forget thy Native Sting:
Thy Satyr ſpar'd no Follies, nor no Crimes;
Satyr! the beſt Reformer of the Times!
How wide ſhoot they, that ſtrive to blaſt thy Fame,
By ſaying, that thy Verſe was rough and lame?
They would have Satyr their Compaſſion move,
And writ ſo plyant, nicely, and ſo ſmooth,
As if the Muſe were in a Flux of Love:
But who of Knaves, and Fops, and Fools would ſing,
Muſt Force, and Fire, and Indignation bring;
For 'tis no Satyr, if it has no Sting:
In ſhort, who in that Field would Famous be,
Muſt think, and write like *Juvenal* and Thee.
Let others boaſt of all the Mighty Nine,
To make their Labours with more Luſtre ſhine;
I never had no other Muſe but Thee;
Ev'n thou wert all the Mighty Nine to me:
'Twas thy dear Friendſhip did my Breaſt inſpire,
And warm'd it firſt with a Poetick Fire;
But 'tis a warmth that does with Thee expire:
For when the Sun is ſet that guides the Day,
The Traveller muſt ſtop, or loſe his way.

Robert Gould.

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COUN-

COUNTERPART TO THE *SATYR* againſt *VERTUE*.

In Perſon of the Author.

I.

PArdon me, Vertue, whatſoe'er thou art
(For ſure thou of the God-head art a part,
And all that is of him muſt be
The very Deity.)
Pardon, if I in ought did thee blaſpheme,
Or injure thy pure Sacred Name:
Accept unfeign'd Repentance, Prayers and Vows,
The beſt Atonement of my penitent humble Muſe,
The beſt that Heaven requires, or Mankind can pro-
(duce.
All my Attempts hereafter ſhall at thy Devotion be,
Ready to conſecrate my Ink and very Blood to thee.
Forgive me, ye bleſt Souls that dwell above,
Where

Where you by its reward the worth of Vertue prov
Forgive (if you can do't) who know no Paſſion no
(but Lov
And you unhappy happy few,
Who ſtrive with Life, and Humane Miſeries below
Forgive me too,
If I in ought diſparag'd them, or elſe diſcourag'd you

II.

Bleſt Vertue! whoſe Almighty Power
Does to our fallen Race reſtore
All that in Paradiſe we loſt, and more,
Lifts us to Heaven, and makes us be
The Heirs and Image of the Deity.
Soft gentle Yoak! which none but reſty Fools refuſe,
Which before freedom I would ever chuſe.
Eaſie are all the Bonds that are impos'd by thee;
Eaſie as thoſe of Lovers are,
(If I with ought leſs pure may thee compare)
Nor do they force, but only guide our Liberty:
By ſuch ſoft Ties are Spirits above confin'd;

So

So gentle is the Chain which them to Good does (bind.
Sure Card, whereby this frail and tott'ring Bark we (ſteer
Thro' Life's tempeſtuous Ocean here;
Thro' all the toſſing Waves of Fear,
And dangerous Rocks of black Deſpair.
Safe in thy Conduct unconcern'd we move,
Secure from all the threatning Storms that blow,
From all Attacks of Chance below,
And reach the certain Haven of Felicity above.

III.

Beſt Miſtris of our Souls! whoſe Charms and Beau- (ties laſt,
And are by very Age increaſt,
By which all other Glories are defac'd.
Thou'rt thy own Dowry, and a greater far
Than All the Race of Woman-kind e'er brought,
Tho' each of them like the firſt Wife were fraught,
And half the Univerſe did for her Portion ſhare.
That tawdry Sex, which giddy ſenſeleſs we
Thro' Ignorance ſo vainly Deifie,

Are

Are all but glorious Brutes when un-endowed with (thee
'Tis Vice alone, the truer Jilt, and worſe.
In whoſe Enjoyment tho' we find
A flitting Pleaſure, yet it leaves behind
A Pain and Torture in the Mind,
And claps the wounded Conſcience with incurable Remorſe,
Or elſe betrays us to the great Trepans of Humane (Kind.

IV.

'Tis Vice, the greater Thraldom, harder Drudgery,
Whereby depoſing Reaſon from its gentle Sway,
(That rightful Sovereign which we ſhould obey)
We undergo a various Tyranny,
And to un-number'd ſervile Paſſions Homage pay.
Theſe with *Ægyptian* Rigor us enſlave,
And govern with unlimited command;
They make us endleſs Toil purſue,
And ſtill their doubled Tasks renew,
To puſh on our too haſty Fate, and build our Grave,
Or which is worſe, to keep us from the Promis'd Land.

Nor

Nor may we think our Freedom to retrieve,
We ſtruggle with our heavy Yoak in vain:
In vain we ſtrive to break that Chain,
Unleſs a Miracle relieve;
Unleſs th' Almighty Wand enlargement give,
We never muſt expect Delivery,
Till Death, the univerſal Writ of Eaſe, does ſet us free.

V.

Some ſordid Avarice in Vaſſallage confines,
Like *Roman* Slaves condemn'd to th' Mines;
Theſe are in its harſh *Bridewel* laſh'd and puniſhed,
And with hard Labour ſcarce can earn their Bread.
Others Ambition, that Imperious Dame,
Expoſes cruelly, like Gladiators, here
Upon the World's Great Theatre.
Thro' Dangers and thro' Blood they wade to Fame,
To purchaſe grinning Honour and an empty Name,
And ſome by Tyrant-Luſt are Captive led,
And with falſe Hopes of Pleaſure fed;

'Till tir'd with Slavery to their own Deſires,
Life's o'er-charg'd Lamp goes out, and in a Snuff ex-
(pires.

VI.

Conſider we the little Arts of Vice,
The Stratagems and Artifice
Whereby ſhe does attract her Votaries:
All thoſe Allurements and thoſe Charms
Which pimp Tranſgreſſors to her Arms,
Are but foul Paint, and counterfeit Diſguiſe,
To palliate her own conceal'd Deformities,
And for falſe empty Joys betray us to true ſolid
(Harms.
In vain ſhe would her Dowry boaſt,
Which clog'd with Legacies we never gain,
But with unvaluable Coſt;
Which got we never can retain;
But muſt the greateſt part be loſt,
To the great Bubbles, Age or Chance, again.
'Tis vaſtly over-balanc'd by the Joynture which we
make,
In which our lives, our ſouls, our All is ſet at ſtake.

Like

Like ſilly *Indians*, fooliſh we
With a known Cheat, a loſing Traffick hold,
Whilſt led by an ill-judging Eye,
W' admire a trifling Pageantry,
And merchandize our Jewels and our Gold,
For worthleſs Glaſs and Beads, or an *Exchange*'s Frippery.
If we a while maintain th' expenſive Trade,
Such mighty Impoſt on the Cargo's laid,
Such a vaſt Cuſtom to be paid,
We're forc'd at laſt like wretched Bankrupts to give out,
Clapt up by Death, and in Eternal Durance ſhut.

VII.

What art thou, Fame, for which ſo eagerly we ſtrive?
What art thou but an empty Shade
By the Reflection of our Actions made?
Thou, unlike others, never follow'ſt us alive;
But, like a Ghoſt, walk'ſt only after we are dead.

Posthumous Toy! vain after-Legacy!
Which only ours can be,
When we our selves no more are we!
Fickle as vain! who dost on vulgar Breath depend,
Which we by dear Experience find
More changeable, more veering than th' unconstant Wind.
What art thou, Gold, that cheat'st the Miser's eyes?
Which he does so devoutly idolize;
For whom he all his Rest and Ease does sacrifice.
'Tis Use alone can all thy Value give,
And he from that no Benefit can e'er receive.
Curst Mineral! near Neighb'ring Hell begot,
Which all th' Infection of thy damned Neighbourhood hast brought.
Thou Bawd to Murthers, Rapes & Treachery,
And every greater Name of Villany;
From thee they all derive their Stock and Pedigree.
Thou the lewd World with all its crying Crimes dost store,
And hardly wilt allow the Devil the cause of more.

And

And what is Pleaſure which does moſt beguile?
That Syren which betrays us with a flattering Smile.
We liſten to the treacherous Harmony,
Which ſings but our own Obſequy.
The Danger unperceiv'd till Death draw nigh;
Till drowning we want Pow'r to 'ſcape the fatal Enemy.

VIII.

How frantick is the wanton Epicure!
Who a perpetual Surfeit will endure?
Who places all his chiefeſt Happineſs
In the Extravagancies of Exceſs,
Which wiſe Sobriety eſteems but a Diſeaſe?
O mighty envied Happineſs to eat!
Which fond miſtaken Sots call Great!
Poor Frailty of our Fleſh! which we each day
Muſt thus repair for fear of ruinous decay!
Degrading of our Nature, where vile Brutes are (fain
To make and keep up Man!

Which, when the Paradiſe above we gain,
Heav'n thinks too great an Imperfection to retain!
By each Diſeaſe the ſickly Joy's deſtroy'd;
At every Meal it's nauſeous and cloy'd,
Empty at beſt, as when in Dream enjoy'd;
When, cheated by a ſlumbering Impoſture, we
Fancy a Feaſt, and great *Regalio's* by;
And think we taſte, and think we ſee,
And riot on imaginary Luxury.

IX.

Grant me, O Virtue, thy more ſolid laſting Joy;
Grant me the better Pleaſures of the Mind,
Pleaſures, which only in purſuit of thee we find,
Which Fortune cannot marr, nor Chance deſtroy.
One Moment in thy bleſt Enjoyment is
Worth an Eternity of that tumultuous Bliſs,
Which we derive from Senſe,
Which often cloys, and muſt reſign to Impotence.
Grant me but this, how will I triumph in my happy State?

Above

Above the Changes and Reverſe of Fate;
Above her Favours and her Hate.
I'll ſcorn the worthleſs Treaſures of *Peru*,
And thoſe of t' other *Indies* too.
I'll pity *Cæſar*'s ſelf with all his Trophies and his (Fame,
And the vile brutiſh Herd of Epicures contemn,
And all the Under-ſhrievalties of Life not worth a (Name.
Nor will I only owe my Bliſs,
Like others, to a Multitude,
Where Company keeps up a forced Happineſs;
Should all Mankind ſurceaſe to live,
And none but individual I ſurvive,
Alone I would be happy, and enjoy my Solitude.
Thus ſhall my Life in pleaſant Minutes wear,
Calm as the Minutes of the Evening are,
And gentle as the motions of the upper Air;
Soft as my Muſe, and unconfin'd as ſhe,
When flowing in the numbers of *Pindarique* liberty.
And when I ſee pale gaſtly Death appear,
That grand inevitable Teſt which all muſt bear,

Which beſt diſtinguiſhes the bleſt and wretched here;
I'll ſmile at all its Horrors, court my welcome Deſtiny,
And yield my willing Soul up in an eaſie Sigh;
And Epicures that ſee ſhall envy and confeſs,
That I, and thoſe who dare like me be good, the chiefeſt Good poſſeſs.

Virg.

Virg. ECLOGUE VIII.

The Enchantment.

Poet, *Damon*, *Alpheus*, Speakers.

Damon and *Alpheus*, the two Shepherds Strains
I mean to tell, and how they charm'd the Plains.
I'll tell their charming Numbers which the Herd,
Unmindful of their Graſs, in Throngs admir'd.
At which fierce Savages aſtoniſh'd ſtood,
And every River ſtopt its liſt'ning Flood.
For you, Great *Sir*, whether with Cannons Roar
You ſpread your Terror to the *Holland* Shore,
Or with a gentle and a ſteady hand
In Peace and Plenty rule your Native Land.
Shall ever that auſpicious Day appear,
When I your glorious Actions ſhall declare?

It

It ſhall, and I throughout the World rehearſe
Their Fame, fit only for a *Spencer*'s Verſe.
With you my Muſe began, with you ſhall end:
Accept my Verſe that waits on your Command;
And deign this Ivy Wreath a place may find
Among the Laurels which your Temples bind.

'Twas at the time that Night's cool ſhades with(drew
And left the Graſs all hung with pearly Dew;
When *Damon*, leaning on his Oaken Wand,
Thus to his Pipe in gentle Lays complain'd.

D. Ariſe, thou Morning, and drive on the Day
While wretched I with fruitleſs words inveigh
Againſt falſe *Niſa*, while the Gods I call
With my laſt Breath, tho' hopeleſs to avail,
Tho' they regard not my Complaints at all.

Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Menalus ever has its warbling Groves,
And talking Pines, it ever hears the Loves

Of Shepherds, and the Notes of Mighty *Pan*,
The firſt that would not let the Reeds untun'd re-
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains (main.
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Mopſus weds *Niſa*, Gods! what Lover e'er
Need after this have reaſon to deſpair?
Griffins ſhall now leap Mares, and the next Age
The Deer and Hounds in Friendſhip ſhall engage.
Go, *Mopſus*, get the Torches ready ſoon;
Thou, happy Man, muſt have the Bride anon.
Go, Bridegroom, quickly, the Nut-ſcramble make,
The Evening-ſtar quits *Oeta* for thy ſake.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
How fitly art thou match'd who waſt ſo nice!
Thou haughty Nymph who did'ſt all elſe deſpiſe!
Who ſlight'ſt ſo ſcornfully my Pipe, my Herd,
My rough-grown Eye-brows, and unſhaven Beard,
And think'ſt no God does mortal things regard,
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

I ſaw thee young, and in thy Beauty's Bloom,
To gather Apples with thy Mother, come,
'Twas in our Hedge-rows, I was there with Pride,
To ſhew you to the beſt, and be your Guide.
Then I juſt entring my twelfth Year was found,
I then could reach the tender Boughs from ground.
Heav'ns! when I ſaw, how ſoon was I undone!
How to my heart did the quick Poyſon run!
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Now I'm convinc'd what Love is; the cold *North*
Sure in its craggy Mountains brought him forth,
Or *Africk*'s wildeſt Deſarts gave him Birth,
Amongſt the Cannibals and Savage Race;
He never of our Kind, or Country was.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Dire Love did once a Mother's Hand embrue
In Childrens Blood; a cruel Mother, thou;
Hard 'tis to ſay of both which is the worſt,
The cruel Mother, or the Boy accurſt. He

He a curſt Boy, a cruel Mother thou;
The Devil a whit to chuſe betwixt the two.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Let Wolves by Nature ſhun the Sheep-folds now;
On the rough Oaks let Oranges now grow:
Let the coarſe *Alders* bear the *Daffadill,*
And coſtly Amber from the Thorn diſtill:
Let Owls match Swans, let *Tyt'rus Orpheus* be,
In the Woods *Orpheus,* and *Arion* on the Sea.
Strike up my Pipe, play me in tuneful Strains
What I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*
Let all the World turn Sea, ye Woods adieu!
To ſome high Mountain's top I'll get me now,
And thence my ſelf into the Waters throw.
There quench my Flames, and let the cruel She
Accept this my laſt dying Will and Legacy.
Ceaſe now my Pipe, ceaſe now thoſe warbling Strains
Which I heard ſung on the Mænalian *Plains.*

This

This *Damon's* Song; relate ye Muſes now
Alphesus Reply: All cannot all things do.

A. Bring Holy Water, ſprinkle all around,
And ſee theſe Altars with ſoft Fillets bound:
Male-Frankincenſe, and juicy Vervain burn,
I'll try if I by Magick force can turn
My ſtubborn Love: I'll try if I can fire (here.
His frozen Breaſt: Nothing but Charms are wanting
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*
Charms in her wonted Courſe can ſtop the Moon,
And from her well-fix'd Orb can call her down.
By Charms the mighty *Circe* (we are told)
Ulyſſes fam'd Companions chang'd of old.
Snakes, by the Vertue of Enchantment forc'd,
Oft in the Meads with their own Poyſon burſt.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms;*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Firſt,

First, these three several Threads I compass round
Thy Image, thus in Magick Fetters bound:
Then round these Altars thrice thy Image bear:
Odd Numbers to the Gods delightful are.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Go tye me in three knots three Ribands now,
And let the Ribands be of different Hue:
Go, *Amaryllis*, tye them strait, and cry,
At the same time, "They're true-love-knots, I tye.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Look how this Clay grows harder, and look how
With the same Fire this Wax doth softer grow;
So *Daphnis*, let him with my Love do so.
Strow Meal and Salt (for so these Rites require)
And set the crackling Laurel Boughs on fire:
This naughty *Daphnis* sets my Breast on flame,
And I this Laurel burn in *Daphnis* Name.

Bring

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

As a poor Heifer, wearied in the Chaſe;
Of ſeeking her lov'd Steer from place to place.
Thro' Woods, thro' Groves, thro' Arable, and Waſt,
On ſome green River's bank lies down at laſt:
There Lows her Moan, deſpairing, and forlorn,
And, tho' belated, minds not to return:
Let *Daphnis*'s Caſe be ſuch, and let not me
Take any Care to give a Remedy.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Theſe Garments erſt the faithleſs Traitor left,
Dear Pledges of his Love, of which I'm reft:
Beneath the Threſhold theſe I bury now,
In thee, O Earth; theſe Pledges *Daphnis* owe.
Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Of

Of *Mæris* I theſe Herbs and Poyſons had,
From *Pontus* brought: in *Pontus* ſtore are bred:
With theſe I've oft ſeen *Mæris* Wonders do,
Turn himſelf Wolf, and to the Foreſt go:
I've often ſeen him Fields of Corn diſplace,
From whence they grew, and Ghoſts in Church-yards (raiſe.

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms,*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Go, Maid, go, bear the Aſhes out at door,
And them forthwith into the neighb'ring current (pour,
Over thy Head, and don't look back be ſure:
I'll try, what theſe on *Daphnis* will prevail,
The Gods he minds not, nor my Charms at all.

Bring Daphnis *from the Town, ye Magick Charms:*
Bring home lov'd Daphnis *to my longing Arms.*

Behold! the Aſhes while we lingring ſtay,
While we neglect to carry them away,
Have reach'd the Altar, and have fir'd the Wood;
That lyes upon't: Heav'n ſend it be for good!

Something I know not what's the matter: Hark!
I hear our *Lightfoot* in the Entry bark.
Shall I believe, or is it only Dream,
Which Lovers fancies are too apt to frame?
Ceaſe now ye Magick Charms, behold him come!
Ceaſe needleſs Charms, my Daphnis *is at home!*

UPON

UPON THE MARRIAGE OF THE Prince of *ORANGE* WITH THE Lady *MARY*.

I.

AS when of old ſome bright and Heav'nly (Dame
A God of equal Majeſty did Wed;
Strait thro' the Court above the Tydings ſpread,
Strait at the News th' immortal Offſpring came,

And all the Deities did the High Nuptials grace;
With no leſs Pomp, no leſs of Grandeur we
Behold this glad Solemnity,
And all confeſs an equal Joy,
And all expect as God-like and as great a Race:
Hark how united Shouts our Joys proclaim,
Which riſe in Gratitude to Heav'n from whence they came;
Gladſome next thoſe which brought our Royal Exile home,
When he reſum'd his long uſurped Throne:
Hark how the mighty Vollies rend the Air,
And ſhake at once the Earth and utmoſt Sphere;
Atmosphere
Hark how the Bell's harmonious Noiſe
Bear Conſort too with humane Joys;
Behold thoſe num'rous Fires, which up and down
Threaten almoſt new Conflagration to the Town.
Well do theſe Emblems, mighty *Orange*, ſpeak thy Fame,
Whoſe Loudneſs, Muſick, Brightneſs, all expreſs the ſame;

'Twas

'Twas thus great *Jove* his *Semele* did Wed,
In Thunder and in Lightning ſo approach'd her bed.

II.

Hail happy Pair! kind Heav'ns great Hoſtages!
Sure Pledges of a firm and laſting Peace!
Call't not a Match, we that low Stile diſdain,
Nor will degrade it with a Term ſo mean;
A League it muſt be ſaid,
Where Countries thus Eſpouſe, and Nations Wed:
Our Thanks, propitious Deſtiny!
Never did yet thy Pow'r diſpence
A more Plenipotentiary Influence,
Nor Heav'n more ſure a Treaty ratifie:
To YOU, our great and gracious Monarch, too
An equal ſhare of Thanks is due,
Nought could this mighty Work produce, but
Heav'n and You.
Let others boaſt
Of Leagues, which Wars and Slaughter coſt;

This Union by no Blood Cemented is,
Nor did its Harmony from Jars and Discords rise.
Not more to your great Ancestor we owe,
By whom two Realms into one Kingdom grow,
He join'd but what Nature had join'd before,
Lands disunited by no parting Shore:
By You to Foreign Countries we're Allied,
You make Us Continent whom Seas and Waves di-
(vide.

III.

How well, Brave Prince, do you by prudent Con-
duct prove
What was denied to mighty *Jove*,
Together to be Wise and Love?
(shew,
In this you highest Skill of Choice and Judgment
'Tis here display'd, and here rewarded too;
Others move only by unbridled guideless Heat,
But you mix Love with Policy, Passion with State:
You scorn'd the Painters Hands your Hearts
should tye,
(lye,
Which oft (and here they must) the Original be-

(For

(For how ſhould Art that Beauty undertake,
Which Heav'n would ſtrive in vain again to make?)
Taught by Religion you did better Methods try,
And worſhip'd not the Image, but the Deity:
Go, envied Prince, your glorious BRIDE receive,
Too great for ought but mighty *YORK* to give:
She, whom if none muſt Wed, but thoſe who merit Her,
Monarchs might ceaſe Pretence, and flighted Gods deſpair:
Think You in Her far greater Conqueſts gain,
Than all the Pow'rs of *France* have from your Country ta'ne.
In her fair Arms let your Ambition bounded lie,
And fancy there an Univerſal Monarchy!

IV.

And you fair Princeſs, who could thus ſubdue,
What *France* with all its Forces could not do,

Enjoy your glorious Prize,
Enjoy the Triumphs of your conqu'ring Eyes;
From Him, and th' Height of your great Mind look down,
And with neglect despise a Throne,
And think't as great to Merit, as to wear a Crown:
Nassau is all which your Desires or Thoughts can frame,
All Titles lodge within that single Name;
A Name, which *Mars* himself would with Ambition bear,
Prouder in that, than to be call'd the God of War:
To you, great Madam, (if your Joys admit Increase,
If Heav'n has not already set your Happiness
Above its Pow'r to raise)
To You the zealous humble Muse
These solemn Wishes Consecrates and Vows,
And begs you'll not her Offering refuse,
Which not your Want, but her Devotion shews.

V.

May your great Consort still successful prove,
In all his high Attempts, as in your Love;

May

May he thro' all Attacks of Chance appear
As free from Danger, as he is from Fear;
May neither Senſe of Grief, or Trouble know,
But what in Pity you to others ſhow:
May you be fruitful in as numerous Store
Of Princely Births, as She who your great Father (bore:
May Heav'n to your juſt Merits kind
Repeal the ancient Curſe on Womankind;
Eaſie and gentle, as the Labours of the Brain
May yours all prove, and juſt ſo free from Pain:
May no rude Noiſe of War approach your Bed,
But Peace her downy Wings about you ſpread,
Calm as the Seaſon, when fair Halcyons breed.
May you, and the juſt owner of your Breaſt,
Both in as full Content and Happineſs be bleſt,
As the firſt ſinleſs Pair of old enjoy'd:
Ere Guilt their Innocence and that deſtroy'd:
Till nothing but Continuance to your Bliſs can add,
And you by Heav'n alone be happier made;

Till

Till future Poets who your Lives review,
When they'd their utmoſt Pitch of Flatt'ry ſhew,
Shall pray their Patrons may become like you;
Nor know to frame a skilful Wiſh more great,
Nor think a higher Bleſſing in the Gift of Fate.

AN

AN

ODE

For an Anniverſary of MUSICK *on S.* Cecilia's *Day.*

I.

BEgin the Song, your Inſtruments advance,
Tune the Voice, and Tune the Flute,
Touch the ſilent ſleeping Lute,
And make the Strings to their own Meaſures dance.
Bring gentleſt Thoughts that into Language glide,
Bring ſofteſt Words that into Numbers ſlide:
Let every Hand and every Tongue
To make the Noble Conſort throng.
Let all in one harmonious Note agree
To frame the mighty Song,
For this is Muſicks ſacred Jubile.

II.

II.

Hark how the wak'ned Strings reſound,
And break the yielding Air,
The raviſh'd Senſe how pleaſingly they wound,
And call the liſtning Soul into the Ear;
Each Pulſe beats time, and every Heart,
With Tongue and Fingers bears a part.
By Harmonies entrancing Power,
When we are thus wound up to Ecſtaſie;
Methinks we mount, methinks we tower,
And ſeem to antedate our future Bliſs on high.

III.

How dull were Life, how hardly worth our care,
But for the Charms that Muſick lends!
How faint its Pleaſures would appear,
But for the Pleaſure which our Art attends!
Without the Sweets of Melody,
To tune our vital Breath,
Who would not give it up to Death,
And in the ſilent Grave contented lye?

IV.

IV.

Muſick's the Cordial of a troubled Breaſt,
The ſofteſt Remedy that Grief can find;
The gentle Spell that charms our Care to reſt,
And calms the ruffled Paſſions of the Mind.
Muſick does all our Joy refine,
It gives the Reliſh to our Wine,
'Tis that gives Rapture to our Love,
And Wings Devotion to a pitch Divine;
'Tis our chief Bliſs on Earth, and half our Heaven (above.

Chorus.

Come then with tuneful Throat and String
The Praiſes of our Art let's ſing;
Let's ſing to Bleſt *CECILIA's* Fame,
That grac'd this Art, and gave this Day its Name;
With Muſick, Wine, and Mirth conſpire
To bear a Conſort, and make up the Choir.

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TO

MADAM *L. E.*

Upon her Recovery from a late Sickneſs.

Madam,

PArdon, that with ſlow Gladneſs we ſo late
Your wiſh'd return of Health congratulate:
Our Joys at firſt ſo throng'd to get abroad,
They hinder'd one another in the crowd;
And now ſuch haſte to tell their Meſſage make,
They only ſtammer what they meant to ſpeak.
You the fair Subject which I am to ſing,
To whoſe kind Hands this humble joy I bring:
Aid me, I beg, while I this Theme purſue,
For I invoke no other Muſe but you.

Long

Long time had you here brightly ſhone below
With all the Rays kind Heaven could beſtow.
No envious Cloud e're offer'd to invade
Your Luſtre, or compel it to a Shade:
Nor did it yet by any Sign appear,
But that you thoroughout Immortal were.
Till Heaven (if Heaven could prove ſo cruel) ſent
To interrupt the Growth of your content,
As if it grudg'd thoſe Gifts you did enjoy,
And would that Bounty which it gave, deſtroy:
'Twas ſince your Excellence did envy move
In thoſe high Powers and made them jealous prove.
They thought theſe Glories ſhould they ſtill have ſhin'd
Unſullied, were too much for Woman-kind.
Which might they write as laſting as they're Fair,
Too great for ought but Deities appear:
But Heaven (it may be) was not yet compleat,
And lackt you there to fill your empty Seat.

And when it could not fairly woo you hence,
Turn'd Raviſher, and offer'd Violence.
Sickneſs did firſt a formal ſiege begin,
And by ſure ſlowneſs try'd your Life to win.
As if by lingring methods Heaven meant
To chaſe you hence and tire you to conſent.
But, thus in vain, Fate did to force reſort,
And next by Storm ſtrove to attack the Fort,
A Sleep, dull as your laſt, did you Arreſt,
And all their *Magazines* of Life poſſeſt.
No more the Blood its circling courſe did run,
But in the Veins, like Iſicles, it hung.
No more the Heart (now void of quickning (heat)
The tuneful March of vital Motion beat.
Stiffneſs did into all the Sinews climb,
And a ſhort Death crept cold through every Limb.
All Signs of Life from ſight ſo far withdrew,
'Twas now thought Popery to pray for you.

There might you (were not that ſenſe loſt) have ſeen
How your true Death would have reſented been:
A Lethargy, like yours, each Breaſt did ſeize,
And all by Sympathy catcht your Diſeaſe.
Around you ſilent Imagery appears,
And nought in the Spectators moves, but Tears.
They pay what Grief were to your Funeral due,
And yet dare hope Heaven would your Life renew.
Mean while, all means, all Drugs preſcribed are,
Which the decays of Health, or Strength repair,
Medicines ſo powerful they new Souls would ſave,
And Life in long-dead Carcaſſes retrieve:
But theſe in vain, they rougher Methods try,
And now you're Martyr'd that you may not die;
Sad Scene of Fate! when Tortures were your gain:
And 'twas a kindneſs thought to wiſh you pain!
As if the ſlackned ſtring of Life run down,
Could only by the Rack be ſcrew'd in tune.

But Heav'n at last (grown conscious that its pow'r
Could scarce what was to die with you restore,)
And loth to see such Glories overcome,
Sent a Post Angel to repeal your doom;
Strait Fate obey'd the Charge which Heaven sent,
And gave this first dear Proof, it could Repent:
Triumphant Charms! what may not you subdue,
When Fate's your Slave, and thus submits to you!
It now again the new-broke Thread does knit,
And for another Clew her Spindle fit:
And life's hid spark which did unquencht remain,
Caught the fled light and brought it back again:
Thus you reviv'd, and all our Joy with you,
Reviv'd and found their Resurrection too:
Some only griev'd, that what was deathless thought
They saw so near to Fatal ruin brought:
Now crowds of Blessings on that happy hand,
Whose skill could eager Destiny withstand;
Whose learned Pow'r has rescu'd from the Grave,
That Life which 'twas a Miracle to save;

That

That Life which were it thus untimely loſt,
Had been the faireſt Spoil Death e'r could boaſt:
May he henceforth be God of Healing thought,
By whom ſuch good to you and us was brought:
Altars and Shrines to him are juſtly due,
Who ſhew'd himſelf a God by raiſing you.

But ſay, fair Saint, for you alone can know,
Whither your Soul in this ſhort flight did go;
Went it to antidate that Happineſs,
You muſt at laſt (tho late we hope) poſſeſs?
Inform us leſt we ſhould your Fate belye,
And call that Death which was but Ecſtaſie,
The Queen of Love (we're told) once let us ſee:
That Goddeſſes from Wounds could not be ſtree;
And you by this unwiſh'd Occaſion ſhow
That they like Mortal us can Sickneſs know:
Pitty! that Heav'n ſhould all its Titles give,
And yet not let you with them ever live.
You'd lack no point that makes a Deity,
If you could like it too Immortal be.

And so you are; half boasts a Deathless State;
Although your frailer Part must yield to Fate.
By every breach in that fair lodging made,
Its blest Inhabitant is more displaid:
In that white Snow which over-spreads your Skin
We trace the whiter Soul which dwells within;
Which while you through this shining Hue display
Looks like a Star plac'd in the milky way:
Such the bright Bodies of the Blessed are,
When they for Raiment cloath'd with Light appear,
And should you visit now the Seats of Bliss,
You need not wear another form but this.
Never did Sickness in such Pomp appear,
As when it thus your Livery did wear,
Disease it self look'd amiable here.
So Clouds which would obscure the Sun oft gilded (be,
And Shades are taught to shine as bright as he.
Grieve not fair Nymph, when in your Glass you (trace
The marring Footsteps of a pale Disease.

Regret

Regret not that your Cheeks their Roſes want,
Which a few Days ſhall in full ſtore replant,
Which, whilſt your Blood withdraws its guilty (Red,
Tells that you own no Faults that Bluſhes need:
The Sun whoſe Bounty does each Spring reſtore
What Winter from the rifled Meadows tore,
Which every Morning with an early Ray
Paints the young bluſhing Cheeks of inſtant Day:
Whoſe skill (inimitable here below,)
Limns thoſe gay Clouds which form Heav'ns colour'd Bow,
That Sun ſhall ſoon with Intereſt repay,
All the loſt Beauty Sickneſs ſnatch'd away.
Your Beams like his ſhall hourly now advance,
And every Minute their ſwift Growth enhance.
Mean while (that you no helps of Health refuſe)
Accept theſe humble Wiſhes of the Muſe:
Which ſhall not of their juſt Petition fail,
If ſhe (and ſhe's a Goddeſs) ought prevail.

May no profane Diſeaſe henceforth approach,
This ſacred Temple with unhallow'd touch,
Or with rude ſacriledge its frame debauch.
May theſe fair Members always happy be
In as full Strength and well-ſet Harmony,
As the new Foundreſs of your Sex could boaſt,
Ere ſhe by Sin her firſt Perfection loſt:
May Deſtiny, juſt to your Merits, twine
All your ſmooth Fortunes in a Silken Line.
And that you may at Heaven late arrive,
May it to you its largeſt Bottom give.
May Heaven with ſtill repeated Favours bleſs,
Till it its Pow'r below its Will confeſs;
Till Wiſhes can no more exalt your Fate,
Nor Poets fanſie you more fortunate.

On

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55

ON THE DEATH OF Mrs *Katharine Kingscourt*,

A Child of Excellent Parts and Piety.

SHE did, She did—I saw her mount the Skie;
And with new Whiteneſs paint the Galaxy.
Heav'n her methought with all its Eyes did view,
And yet acknowledg'd all its Eyes too few.
Methought I saw in Crowds bleſt Spirits meet,
And with loud Welcomes her Arrival greet;
Which could they grieve, had gone with grief away
To ſee a Soul more white, more pure than they.

Earth was unworthy such a Prize as this,
Only a while Heav'n let us share the Bliss:
In vain her stay with fruitless Tears we'd woo,
In vain we'd Court, when that our Rival grew.
Thanks, ye kind Powers! who did so long dispense,
(Since you so wish'd her) with her absence thence;
We now resign, to you alone we grant
The sweet Monopoly of such a Saint;
So pure a Saint, I scarce dare call her so,
For fear to wrong her with a Name too low:
Such a Seraphick brightness in her shin'd,
I hardly can believe her Woman-kind.
'Twas sure some noble Being left the Sphere,
Which deign'd a little to inhabit here,
And can't be said to die, but disappear.
Or if she Mortal was and meant to show
The greater skill by being made below;
Sure Heav'n preserv'd her by the fall uncurst,
To tell how all the Sex were form'd at first:

Never

Never did yet ſo much Divinity
In ſuch a ſmall Compendium crouded lye.
By her we credit what the Learned tell,
That many Angels in one Point can dwell.
More damned Fiends did not in *Mary* reſt,
Than lodg'd of Bleſſed Spirits in her Breaſt;
Religion dawn'd ſo early in her mind,
You'd think her Saint, whilſt in the Womb enſhrin'd,
Nay, that bright ray which did her Temples paint,
Proclaim'd her clearly, while alive, a Saint.
Scarce had ſhe learnt to liſp Religion's Name,
E'r ſhe by her Example preach'd the ſame,
And taught her *Cradle* like the *Pulpit* to reclaim.
No Action did within her Practice fall
Which for th' Atonement of a Bluſh could call:
No word of hers e'er greeted any Ear,
But what a dying Saint confeſt might hear.
Her Thoughts had ſcarcely ever ſully'd been
By the leaſt Foot-ſteps of Original Sin.

Her

Her Life did ſtill as much Devotion breath
As others do at their laſt Gaſp in Death.
Hence on her Tomb of her let not be ſaid,
So long ſhe liv'd; but thus, ſo long ſhe pray'd.

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A

SUNDAY-THOUGHT

In Sickneſs.

LOrd, how dreadful is the Proſpect of Death at the remoteſt Diſtance! How the ſmalleſt Apprehenſion of it can pall the moſt gay, airy and brisk Spirits! Even I, who thought I could have been merry in ſight of my Coffin, and drink a Health with the Sexton in my own Grave, now tremble at the leaſt Envoy of the King of Terrors. To ſee but the ſhaking of my Glaſs makes me turn pale, and fear is like to prevent and do the Work of my Diſtemper. All the Jollity of my Humor and Converſation is turn'd on a ſudden into ſhagrin and melancholy, black as Deſpair, and dark as the Grave. My Soul and Body ſeem at once laid out, and I fancy all the Plummets of Eternal Night already hanging upon my Temples. But whence

whence proceed these Fears? Certainly they are not idle Dreams, nor the accidental Product of my Disease, which disorders the Brains, and fills 'em with odd Chimæra's. Why should my Soul be averse to its Enlargement? Why should it be content to be knit up in two Yards of Skin, when it may have all the World for its Purliew? 'Tis not that I'm unwilling to leave my Relations and present Friends: I'm parted from the first already, and could be sever'd from both the length of the whole Map, and live with my Body as far distant from them as my Soul must when I'm dead. Neither is it that I'm loth to leave the Delights and Pleasures of the World; some of them I have tried, and found empty, the others covet not, because unknown. I'm confident I could despise 'em all by a Greatness of Soul, did not the Bible oblige me, and Divines tell me, 'tis my Duty. It is not neither that I'm unwilling to go hence before I've Establish'd a Reputation, and something to make me survive my self. I could have been content to be Still-born, and have no more than the Register, or Sexton to

tell

tell that I've ever been in the Land of the Living. In Fine, 'tis not from a Principle of Cowardiſe, which the Schools have called Self-preſervation, the poor Effect of Inſtinct and dull pretence of a Brute as well as me. This Unwillingneſs therefore, and Averſion to undergo the general Fate, muſt have a juſter Original, and flow from a more important Cauſe. I'm well ſatisfied that this other Being within, that moves and actuates my Frame of Fleſh and Blood, has a Life beyond it and the Grave; and ſomething in it prompts me to believe its immortality. A Reſidence it muſt have ſomewhere elſe, when it has left this Carcaſe, and another State to paſs into, unchangeable and everlaſting as it ſelf after its Separation. This Condition muſt be good or bad according to its Actions and Deſerts in this Life; for as it owes its Being to ſome Infinite Power that created it, I well ſuppoſe it his Vaſſal, and oblig'd to live by his Law; and as certainly conclude, that according to the keeping or breaking of that Law, 'tis to be rewarded or puniſh'd hereafter. This Diverſity of Rewards and Puniſh-

ments,

ments, makes the two Places, Heaven and Hell, ſo often mention'd in Scripture, and talked of in Pulpits: Of the later my Fears too cruelly convince me, and the Anticipation of its Torment, which I already feel in my own Conſcience. There is, there is a Hell, and damned Fiends, and a never-dying Worm, and that Sceptick that doubts of it, may find 'em all within my ſingle Breaſt. I dare not any longer with the Atheiſt disbelieve them, or think 'em the Clergy's Bugbears, invented as Nurſes do frightful Names for their Children, to ſcare 'em into Quietneſs and Obedience. How oft have I triumph'd in my unconcern'd and fear'd inſenſibility? How oft boaſted of that unhappy ſuſpected Calm, which, like that of the dead Sea, prov'd only my Curſe, and a treacherous Ambuſh to thoſe Storms, which at preſent (and will for ever I dread) ſhipwreck my Quiet and Hopes? How oft have I rejected the Advice of that Boſom-Friend, and drowned its Alarms in the Noiſe of a tumultuous Debauch, or by ſtupifying Wine (like ſome condemn'd Malefactor) arm'd my ſelf againſt

the

the Apprehenſions of my certain Doom? Now, now the Tyrant awakes, and comes to pay at once all Arrears of Cruelty. At laſt, but too late (like drowning Mariners) I ſee the gay Monſters, which inveigled me into my Death and Deſtruction. Oh the gnawing Remorſe of a raſh unguarded, unconſidering Sinner! Oh how the Ghoſts of former Crimes affright my haunted Imagination, and make me ſuffer a thouſand Racks and Martyrdoms! I ſee, methinks, the Jaws of Deſtruction gaping wide to ſwallow me; and I, (like one ſliding on Ice) tho I ſee the Danger, cannot ſtop from running into it. My Fancy repreſents to me a whole Legion of Devils, ready to tear me in pieces, numberleſs as my Sins or Fears; and whither, Alas! whither ſhall I fly for Refuge? Where ſhall I retreat and take Sanctuary? Shall I call the Rocks and Mountains to cover me; or bid the Earth yawn wide to its Centre, and take me in? Poor ſhift of eſcaping Almighty Juſtice! Diſtracting Frenzy! that would make me believe Contradictions, and hope to fly out of the reach of him whoſe

Preſence

Presence is every where, not excluded Hell it self; for he is there in the effects of his Vengeance. Shall I invoke some Power infinite as that that created me, to reduce me to nothing again, and rid me at once of my Being and all that tortures it? Oh no, 'tis in vain, I must be forced into Being, to keep me fresh for Torment, and retain Sense only to feel Pain. I must be adying to all Eternity, and live ever, to live ever wretched. Oh that Nature had placed me in the Rank of things that have only a bare Existence, or at best, an Animal Life, and never given me a Soul and Reason, which now must contribute to my Misery, and make me envy Brutes and Vegetables! Would the Womb that bare me had been my Prison till now, or I stept out of't it into my Grave, and saved the Expences and Toil of a long and tedious Journey, where Life affords nothing of Accommodations to invite ones stay. Happy had I been if I had expired with my first Breath, and enter'd the Bill of Mortality as soon as the World: Happy if I had been drowned in my Font, and that Water which was to Regene-

rate

rate, and give me New Life, had prov'd Mortal in another Senſe! I had then died without any Guilt of my own, but what I brought into the World with me, and that too atton'd for; I mean that which I contracted from my firſt Parents, my unhappineſs rather than Fault, inaſmuch as I was fain to be born of a Sinning Race: Then I had never enhaunc'd it with acquired Guilt, never added thoſe innumerable Crimes which muſt make up my Indictment at the Grand Audit. Ungrateful Wretch! I've made my Sins as numerous as thoſe Bleſſings and Mercies the Almighty Bounty has conferr'd upon me, to oblige and lead me to Repentance. How have I abuſed and miſimployed thoſe Parts and Talents which might have render'd me ſerviceable to Mankind, and repaid an Intereſt of Glory to their Donor? How ill do they turn to account which I have made the Patrons of Debauchery, and Pimps and Panders to Vice? How oft have I broke my Vows to my Great Creator, which I would be conſcientious of keeping to a

ſilly Woman, a Creature beneath my ſelf? What has all my Religion been but an empty Parade and Shew? Either an uſeful Hypocriſie taken up for Intereſt, or a gay ſpecious Formality worn in Complaiſance to Cuſtom and the Mode, and as changeable as my Cloaths and their Faſhion. How oft have I gone to Church (the place where we are to pay him Homage and Duty) as to an Aſſignation or Play, only for Diverſion; or at beſt, as I muſt ere long (for ought I know) with my Soul ſever'd from my Body? How I tremble at the Remembrance! as if I could put the Sham upon Heaven, or a God were to be impoſed on like my Fellow-Creature: And dare I, convicted of theſe High Treaſons againſt the King of Glory, dare I expect a Reprieve or Pardon? Has he Thunder, and are not all his Bolts levell'd at my Head, to ſtrike me through the very Centre? Yes, I dare appeal to thee, boundleſs Pity and Compaſſion! My own Inſtances already tells me, that thy Mercy is infinite; for I've done enough to ſhock

Long-

Long-ſufferance it ſelf, and weary out an Eternal Patience. I beſeech thee by thy ſoft and gentle Attributes of Mercy and Forgiveneſs, by the laſt dying Accents of my ſuffering Deity, have Pity on a poor, humble, proſtrate and confeſſing Sinner: And thou great Ranſom of loſt Mankind, who offered'ſt thy ſelf a Sacrifice to attone our Guilt, and redeem our mortgag'd Happineſs, do thou be my Advocate, and intercede for me with the Angry Judge.

My Pray'rs are heard, a glorious Light now ſhone;
And (lo!) An Angel-Poſt comes haſt'ning down:
From Heav'n I ſee him cut the yielding Air;
So ſwift, he ſeems at once both there and here;
So quick, my ſight in the purſuit was ſlow,
And Thought could ſcarce ſo ſoon the Journey go:
No angry Meſſage in his Look appears,
His Face no ſigns of threatning Vengeance wears:
Comely his ſhape, of Heavenly Meen and Air,
Kinder than Smiles of beauteous Virgins are.

Such he was ſeen by the bleſt Maid of old
When he th' Almighty Infant's Birth foretold.
A mighty Volume in one hand is born,
Whoſe open'd Leaves the other ſeems to turn:
Vaſt Annals of my Sins in Scarlet writ,
But now eras'd, blot out, and cancell'd quite.
Hark how the Heavenly Whiſper ſtrikes mine Ear,
Mortal, behold thy Crimes all pardon'd here!
Hail Sacred Envoy of th' Eternal King!
Welcom as the bleſs'd Tidings thou doſt bring.
Welcom as Heav'n from whence thou cam'ſt but now,
Thus low to thy great God and mine I bow,
And might I here, O might I ever grow,
Fix'd an unmov'd and endleſs Monument
Of Gratitude to my Creator ſent.

TO

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

Mr. *Charles Morwent.*

A PINDARIQUE.

Ignis utique quo clariùs effulſit, citiùs extinguitur, eripit ſe aufertque ex oculis ſubitò perfecta virtus: quicquid eſt abſoluti faciliùs transfluit, & optimi neutiquam diurnant. Cambden. de Phil. Syd.

O celeres hominum bonorum dies. Apul.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year 1687.

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71

To the Memory of my Dear Friend, *Mr.* CHARLES MORWENT:

A PINDARIQUE.

Oſtendunt terris hunc tantùm fata, nec ultrà
Eſſe ſinunt.—————— Virg.

I.

BEſt Friend! could my unbounded Grief but (rate
With due proportion thy too cruel Fate;
Could I ſome happy Miracle bring forth,
Great as my Wiſhes and thy greater Worth,
All *Helicon* ſhould ſoon be thine,
And pay a Tribute to thy Shrine.
The learned Siſters all transform'd ſhould be,
No longer nine, but one *Melpomene:*
Each ſhould into a *Niobe* relent,
At once thy Mourner and thy Monument,

Each ſhould become
Like the fam'd *Memnon*'s ſpeaking Tomb,
To ſing thy well-tun'd Praiſe;
Nor ſhould we fear their being dumb,
Thou ſtill would'ſt make 'em vocal with thy Rays.

II.

O that I could diſtil my vital Juice in Tears!
Or waſt away my Soul in ſobbing Airs!
Were I all Eyes,
To flow in liquid Elegies:
That every Limb might grieve,
And dying Sorrow ſtill retrieve;
My Life ſhould be but one long mourning day,
And like moiſt Vapors melt in Tears away.
I'd ſoon diſſolve in one great Sigh,
And upwards fly,
Glad ſo to be exhal'd to Heav'n and thee.
A Sigh which might well-nigh reverſe thy death,
And hope to animate thee with new Breath;

Pow'rful

Pow'rful as that which heretofore did give
A Soul to well-form'd Clay, and made it live.

III.

Adieu, bleſt Soul! whoſe haſty Flight away
Tells Heaven did ne'er diſplay
Such Happineſs to bleſs the World with ſtay.
Death in thy Fall betray'd her utmoſt ſpite,
And ſhew'd her ſhafts moſt times are levell'd at the white.
She ſaw thy blooming Ripeneſs time prevent;
She ſaw, and envious grew, and ſtraight her arrow ſent.
So Buds appearing e'er the Froſts are paſt,
Nip'd by ſome unkind Blaſt,
Wither in Penance for their forward haſte.
Thus have I ſeen a Morn ſo bright,
So deck'd with all the Robes of Light,
As if it ſcorn'd to think of Night,
Which a rude Storm e'er Noon did ſhroud,
And buried all its early Glories in a Cloud.

The

The day in funeral Blackneſs mourn'd,
And all to Sighs, and all to Tears it turn'd.

IV.

But why do we thy Death untimely deem;
Or Fate blaſpheme?
We ſhould thy full ripe Virtues wrong,
To think thee young.
Fate, when ſhe did thy vigorous Growth behold,
And all thy forward Glories told,
Forgot thy tale of Years, and thought thee old.
The brisk Endowments of thy Mind
Scorning i'th' Bud to be confin'd,
Out-ran thy Age, and left ſlow Time behind;
Which made thee reach Maturity ſo ſoon,
And at firſt Dawn preſent a full-ſpread Noon.
So thy Perfections with thy Soul agree,
Both knew no Non-age, knew no Infancy.
Thus the firſt Patern of our Race began
His Life in middle-age, at's Birth a perfect Man.

V. So

V.

So well thou acted'ſt in thy Span of Days,
As calls at once for Wonder and for Praiſe.
Thy prudent Conduct had ſo learnt to meaſure
The different whiles of Toil and Leaſure,
No time did Action want, no Action wanted Pleaſure.
Thy buſie Induſtry could Time dilate,
And ſtretch the Thread of Fate:
Thy careful Thrift could only boaſt the Power
To lengthen Minutes, and extend an Hour.
No ſingle Sand could e'er ſlip by
Without its Wonder, ſweet as high:
And every teeming Moment ſtill brought forth
A thouſand Rarities of Worth.
While ſome no other Cauſe for Life can give,
But a dull Habitude to live:
Thou ſcorn'dſt ſuch Lazineſs while here beneath,
And Liv'dſt that time which others only Breath.

VI.

Next our juſt Wonder does commence,
How ſo ſmall Room could hold ſuch Excellence.
Nature was proud when ſhe contriv'd thy Frame,
In thee ſhe labor'd for a Name:
Hence 'twas ſhe laviſh'd all her Store,
As if ſhe meant hereafter to be poor,
And, like a Bankrupt, run o'th' Score.
Her curious Hand here drew in Straights and joyn'd
All the Perfections lodge in Humane kind;
Teaching her numerous Gifts to lie
Crampt in a ſhort Epitome.
So Stars contracted in a Diamond ſhine,
And Jewels in a narrow Point confine
The Riches of an *Indian* Mine.
Thus ſubtle Artiſts can
Draw Nature's larger ſelf within a Span:
A ſmall Frame holds the World, Earth, Heav'ns and (all
Shrunk to the ſcant Dimenſions of a Ball.

VII. Thoſe

VII.

Thoſe Parts which never in one Subject dwell,
But ſome uncommon Excellence foretel,
Like Stars did all conſtellate here,
And met together in one Sphere.
Thy Judgment, Wit and Memory conſpir'd
To make themſelves and thee admir'd:
And could thy growing Height a longer Stay have known,
Thou hadſt all other Glories, and thy ſelf out-done.
While ſome to Knowledg by degrees arrive,
Through tedious Induſtry improv'd,
Thine ſcorn'd by ſuch pedantick Rules to thrive;
But ſwift as that of Angels mov'd,
And made us think it was intuitive.
Thy pregnant Mind ne'er ſtruggl'd in its Birth,
But quick, and while it did conceive, brought forth;
The gentle Throes of thy prolifick Brain
Were all unſtrain'd, and without Pain.

Thus

Thus when Great *Jove* the Queen of Wiſdom bare
So eaſie and ſo mild his Travels were.

VIII.

Nor were theſe Fruits in a rough Soil beſtown
As Gems are thick'ſt in rugged Quarries ſown.
Good Nature and good parts ſo ſhar'd thy mind,
A Muſe and Grace were ſo combin'd,
'Twas hard to gueſs which with moſt Luſtre ſhin'd.
A Genius did thy whole Comportment act,
Whoſe charming Complaiſance did ſo attract,
As every Heart attack'd.
Such a ſoft Air thy well-tun'd Sweetneſs ſway'd,
As told thy Soul of Harmony was made;
All rude Affections that Diſturbers be,
That mar or diſunite Society,
Were Foreiners to thee.
Love only in their ſtead took up its Reſt;
Nature made that thy conſtant Gueſt,
And ſeem'd to form no other Paſſion for thy Breaſt.

IX. This

IX.

This made thy Courteouſneſs to all extend,
And thee to the whole Univerſe a Friend.
Thoſe which were Strangers to thy native Soil and thee
No Strangers to thy Love could be,
Whoſe Bounds were wide as all Mortality.
Thy Heart no Iſland was, disjoyn'd
(Like thy own Nation) from all human kind;
But 'twas a Continent to other Countries fixt
As firm by Love, as they by Earth annext.
Thou ſcorn'dſt the Map ſhould thy Affection guide,
Like theirs who love by dull Geography,
Friends but to whom by Soil they are ally'd:
Thine reach'd to all beſide,
To every Member of the World's great Family.
Heav'ns Kindneſs only claims a Name more general,
Which we the nobler call,
Becauſe 'tis common, and vouchſaf'd to all.

X. Such

X.

Such thy Ambition of obliging was,
Thou ſeem'dſt corrupted with the very Power to (pleaſe.
Only to let thee gratifie,
At once did bribe and pay thy Courteſie.
Thy Kindneſs by Acceptance might be bought,
It for no other Wages ſought,
But would its own be thought.
No Suiters went unſatisfy'd away;
But left thee more unſatisfy'd than they. (find,
Brave *Titus!* thou mightſt here thy true Portraicture
And view thy Rival in a private mind.
Thou heretofore deſerv'dſt ſuch Praiſe,
When Acts of Goodneſs did compute thy days,
Meaſur'd not by the *Sun*'s, but thine own kinder Rays.
Thou thought'ſt each hour out of Life's Journal (loſt,
Which could not ſome freſh Favor boaſt,
And reckon'dſt Bounties thy beſt *Clepſydras*.

XI.

Some Fools who the great Art of giving want,
Deflower their Largeſs with too ſlow a Grant:
Where the deluded Suitor dearly buys
What hardly can defray
The Expence of Importunities,
Or the Suſpenſe of torturing Delay.
Here was no need of tedious Pray'rs to ſue,
Or thy too backward Kindneſs woo.
It moved with no formal State,
Like theirs whoſe Pomp does for intreaty wait:
But met the ſwift'ſt Deſires half way;
And Wiſhes did well-nigh anticipate;
And then as modeſtly withdrew,
Nor for its due Reward of Thanks would ſtay.

XII.

Yet might this Goodneſs to the happy moſt accrue;
Somewhat was to the miſerable due,
Which they might juſtly challenge too.

Whate'er Miſhap did a known Heart oppreſs,
The ſame did thine as wretched make;
Like yielding Wax thine did th' Impreſſions take,
And paint its Sadneſs in as lively Dreſs.
Thou could'ſt afflictions from another Breaſt translate,
And forein Grief impropriate;
Oft-times our Sorrows thine ſo much have grown,
They ſcarce were more our own;
Who ſeem'd exempt, thou ſuffer'dſt all alone.

XIII.

Our ſmall'ſt Misfortunes ſcarce could reach thy Ear,
But made thee give in Alms a Tear;
And when our Hearts breath'd their regret in ſighs,
As a juſt Tribute to their Miſeries,
Thine with their mournful Airs did ſymbolize.
Like Throngs of Sighs did for its Fibres crowd,
And told thy Grief from our each Grief aloud:
Such is the ſecret Sympathy
We may betwixt two neighb'ring Lutes deſcry,

If

If either by unskilful hand too rudely bent
Its ſoft Complaint in penſive murmurs vent,
As if it did that Injury reſent:
Untoucht the other ſtrait returns the Moan,
And gives an Eccho to each Groan.
From its ſweet Bowels a ſad Note's convey'd,
Like thoſe which to condole are made;
As if its Bowels too a kind Compaſſion had.

XIV.

Nor was thy goodneſs bounded with ſo ſmall extent;
Or in ſuch narrow Limits pent.
Let Female Frailty in fond Tears diſtill;
Who think that Moiſture which they ſpill
Can yield Relief,
Or ſhrink the Current of anothers Grief;
Who hope that Breath which they in ſighs convey;
Should blow Calamities away.
Thine did a manlier Form expreſs;
And ſcorn'd to whine at an Unhappineſs;
Thou thought'ſt it ſtill the nobleſt Pity to redreſs.

So friendly Angels their Relief beſtow
On the unfortunate below,
For whom thoſe purer minds no Paſſion know:
Such Nature in that generous Plant is found,
Whoſe every Breach does with a Salve abound,
And wounds it ſelf to cure another's Wound.
In pity to Mankind it ſheds its Juice,
Glad with expence of Blood to ſerve their Uſe:
Firſt with kind Tears our Maladies bewails,
And after heals;
And makes thoſe very Tears the remedy produce.

XV.

Nor didſt thou to thy Foes leſs generous appear,
(If there were any durſt that Title wear.)
They could not offer Wrongs ſo faſt,
But what were pardon'd with like haſte;
And by thy acts of Amneſty defac't.
Had he who wiſh'd the Art how to forget,
Diſcover'd its new Worth in thee,
He had a double Value on it ſet,

And

And justly scorn'd th' ignobler Art of Memory.
No Wrongs could thy great Soul to Grief expose,
'Twas plac'd as much out of the reach of those,
As of material Blows.
No Injuries could thee provoke,
Thy Softness always dampt the stroke:
As Flints on Feather-beds are easiest broke.
Affronts could ne'er thy cool Complexion heat,
Or chafe thy temper from its setled State:
But still thou stoodst unshockt by all,
As if thou hadst unlearnt the Power to hate,
Or, like the Dove, wert born without a Gall.

XVI.

Vain *Stoicks* who disclaim all Human Sense,
And own no Passions to resent Offence,
May pass it by with unconcern'd Neglect,
And Virtue on those Principles erect,
Where 'tis not a Perfection, but Defect.
Let these themselves in a dull Patience please,
Which their own Statues may possess,

And they themſelves when Carcaſſes.
Thou only couldſt to that high pitch arrive,
To court Abuſes, that thou mightſt forgive:
Wrongs thus in thy Eſteem ſeem'd Courteſie,
And thou the firſt was e'er oblig'd by Injury.

XVII.

Nor may we think theſe God-like Qualities
Could ſtand in need of Votaries,
Which heretofore had challeng'd Sacrifice.
Each Aſſignation, each Converſe
Gain'd thee ſome new Idolaters.
Thy ſweet Obligingneſs could ſupple Hate,
And out of it its Contrary create.
Its powerful Influence made Quarrels ceaſe,
And Fewds diſſolv'd into a calmer Peace.
Envy reſign'd her Force, and vanquiſh'd Spite
Became thy ſpeedy Proſelyte.
Malice could cheriſh Enmity no more;
And thoſe which were thy Foes before,
Now wiſh'd they might adore,

Cæſar

Cæſar may tell of Nations took,
And Troops by Force ſubjected to his Yoke:
We read as great a Conquerer in thee,
Who couldſt by milder ways all Hearts ſubdue,
The nobler Conqueſt of the two;
Thus thou whole Legions mad'ſt thy Captives be,
And like him too couldſt look, and ſpeak thy Victo-
(ry.

XVIII.

Hence may we Calculate the Tenderneſs
Thou didſt Expreſs
To all, whom thou didſt with thy Friendſhip bleſs:
To think of Paſſion by new Mothers bore
To the young Offspring of their Womb,
Or that of Lovers to what they Adore,
Ere Duty it become:
We ſhould too mean *Ideas* frame,
Of that which thine might juſtly claim,
And injure it by a degrading Name:
Conceive the tender Care,
Of guardian Angels to their Charge aſſign'd,

Or think how dear
To Heaven Expiring Martyrs are;
Theſe are the Emblems of thy mind,
The only *Types* to ſhew how thou waſt kind.

XIX.

On whomſoe'er thou didſt confer this Tye
Twas laſting as Eternity,
And firm as the unbroken Chain of Deſtiny,
Embraces would faint ſhadows of your Union ſhow,
Unleſs you could together grow.
That Union which is from Alliance bred,
Does not ſo faſtly wed,
Tho it with Blood be cemented:
That Link wherewith the Soul and Body's joyn'd,
Which twiſts the double Nature in Mankind
Only ſo cloſe can bind.
That holy Fire, which *Romans* to their *Veſta* paid,
Which they immortal as the Goddeſs made,
Thy noble Flames moſt fitly parallel;
For thine were juſt ſo pure, and juſt ſo durable.

Thoſe

Thoſe feigned Pairs of Faithfulneſs which claim
So high a place in ancient Fame,
Had they thy better Pattern ſeen,
They'd made their Friendſhip more divine
And ſtrove to mend their Characters by thine.

XX.

Yet had this Friendſhip no advantage been,
Unleſs 'twere exercis'd within;
What did thy Love to other Objects tie,
The ſame made thy own Pow'rs agree,
And reconcil'd thy ſelf to thee.
No Diſcord in thy Soul did reſt,
Save what its Harmony increaſt.
Thy mind did with ſuch regular Calmneſs move,
As held reſemblance with the greater Mind above.
Reaſon there fix'd its peaceful Throne,
And reign'd alone.
The Will its eaſie Neck to Bondage gave,
And to the ruling Faculty became a Slave.

The Paſſions rais'd no Civil Wars,
Nor diſcompos'd thee with inteſtine Jars:
All did obey,
And paid Allegiance to its rightful Sway.
All threw their reſty Tempers by,
And gentler Figures drew,
Gentle as Nature in its Infancy,
As when themſelves in their firſt Beings grew.

XXI.

Thy Soul within ſuch ſilent Pomp did keep,
As if Humanity were lull'd aſleep.
So gentle was thy Pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard Feet ſcarce makeleſs noiſe,
Or the ſoft Journey which a Planet goes.
Life ſeem'd all calm as its laſt Breath.
A ſtill Tranquillity ſo huſht thy Breaſt,
As if ſome *Halcyon* were its Gueſt,
And there had built her Neſt;
It hardly now enjoys a greater Reſt.
As that ſmooth Sea which wears the Name of (*Peace*,
Still

Still with one even Face appears,
And feels no Tides to change it from its place,
No Waves to alter the fair Form it bears:
As that unſpotted Sky,
Where *Nile* does want of Rain ſupply,
Is free from Clouds, from Storms is ever free.
So thy unvary'd mind was always one,
And with ſuch clear Serenity ſtill ſhone,
As caus'd thy little World to ſeem all temp'rate (Zone.

XXII.

Let Fools their high Extraction boaſt,
And Greatneſs, which no Travel, but their Mothers, (coſt.
Let 'em extol a ſwelling Name,
Which theirs by Will and Teſtament became;
At beſt but meer Inheritance,
As oft the Spoils as Gift of Chance.
Let ſome ill-plac't Repute on Scutcheons rear
As fading as the Colors which thoſe bear;
And prize a painted Field,
Which Wealth as ſoon as Fame can yield.

Thou

Thou ſcorn'dſt at ſuch low Rates to purchaſe Worth,
Nor couldſt thou owe it only to thy Birth.
Thy ſelf-born Greatneſs was above the Power
Of Parents to entail, or Fortune to deflower.
Thy Soul, which like the Sun, Heaven molded bright,
Diſdain'd to ſhine with borrow'd Light.
Thus from himſelf th' Eternal Being grew,
And from no other Cauſe his Grandeur drew.

XXIII.

Howe'er if true Nobility
Rather in Souls than in the Blood does lie:
If from thy better part we Meaſures take,
And that the Standard of our Value make,
Jewels and Stars become low Heraldry
To blazon thee.
Thy Soul was big enough to pity Kings,
And look'd on Empires as poor humble things.
Great as his boundleſs Mind,

Who thought himſelf in one wide Globe confin'd,
And for another pin'd.
Great as that Spirit whoſe large Powers rowl
Thro' the vaſt Fabrick of this ſpatious Bowl,
And tell the World as well as Man can boaſt a Soul.

XXIV.

Yet could not this an Haughtineſs beget,
Or thee above the common Level ſet.
Pride, whoſe Alloy does beſt Endowments mar,
(As things moſt lofty ſmaller ſtill appear)
With thee did no Alliance bear.
Low Merits oft are by too high Eſteem bely'd,
Whoſe Owners leſſen while they raiſe their Price;
Thine were above the very Guilt of Pride,
Above all others, and thy own *Hyperbole*:
In thee the wid'ſt Extreams were joyn'd
The loftieſt, and the lowlieſt Mind.
Thus tho ſome part of Heav'ns vaſt Round
Appear but low, and ſeem to touch the Ground,

Yet 'tis well known almoſt to bound the Spheres,
'Tis truly held to be above the Stars.

XXV.

While thy brave Mind preſerv'd this noble Frame,
Thou ſtoodſt at once ſecure
From all the Flattery and Obloquy of Fame,
Its rough and gentler Breath were both to thee the ſame:
Nor this could thee exalt, nor that depreſs thee lower;
But thou from thy great Soul on both look'dſt down
Without the ſmall concernment of a Smile or Frown.
Heav'n leſs dreads that it ſhould fir'd be
By the weak flitting Sparks that upwards fly,
Leſs the bright Goddeſs of the Night
Fears thoſe loud howlings that revile her Light
Than thou Malignant Tongues thy Worth ſhould blaſt,
Which was too great for Envy's Cloud to overcaſt.
'Twas thy brave Method to deſpiſe Contempt,
And make what was the Fault the Puniſhment,

What more Aſſaults could weak Detraction raiſe,
When thou couldſt Saint diſgrace,
And turn Reproach to Praiſe.
So Clouds which would obſcure the Sun, oft gilded (be,
And Shades are taught to ſhine as bright as he;
So Diamonds, when envious Night
Would ſhroud their Splendor, look moſt bright,
And from its Darkneſs ſeem to borrow Light.

XXVI.

Had Heav'n compos'd thy mortal Frame,
Free from Contagion as thy Soul or Fame:
Could Virtue been but Proof againſt Death's Arms,
Th'adſt ſtood unvanquiſht by theſe Harms,
Safe in a Circle made by thy own Charms.
Fond Pleaſure, whoſe ſoft Magick oft beguiles
Raw unexperienc'd Souls,
And with ſmooth Flattery cajoles,
Could ne'er enſnare thee with her Wiles,
Or make thee Captive to her ſoothing Smiles.

In vain that Pimp of Vice assay'd to please,
In hope to draw thee to its rude Embrace.
Thy Prudence still that *Syren* past
Without being pinion'd to the Mast:
All its Attempts were ineffectual found;
Heav'n fenc'd thy heart with its own Mound,
And forc'd the Tempter still from that forbidden Ground.

XXVII.

The mad *Capricio's* of the doating Age
Could ne'er in the same Frenzy thee engage;
But mov'd thee rather with a generous Rage.
Gallants, who their high Breeding prize,
Known only by their Gallanture and Vice,
Whose Talent is to court a fashionable Sin,
And act some fine Transgression with a janty Meen,
May by such Methods hope the Vogue to win.
Let those gay Fops who deem
Their Infamies Accomplishment,
Grow scandalous to get Esteem;
And by Disgrace strive to be eminent.

Here

Mr. Charles Morwent.

Here thou diſdainſt the common Road,
Nor wouldſt by ought be woo'd
To wear the vain Iniquities o'th' Mode.
Vice with thy Practice did ſo diſagree,
Thou ſcarce couldſt bear it in thy Theory.
Thou didſt ſuch Ignorance 'bove Knowledg prize;
And here to be unskill'd, is to be wiſe.
Such the firſt Founders of our Blood,
While yet untempted, ſtood
Contented only to know Good.

XXVIII.

Virtue alone did guide thy Actions here,
Thou by no other Card thy Life didſt ſteer:
No ſly Decoy would ſerve,
To make thee from its rigid Dictates ſwerve,
Thy Love ne'er thought her worſe
Becauſe thou hadſt ſo few Competitors.
Thou couldſt adore her when ador'd by none
Content to be her Votary alone:

When 'twas proſcrib'd the unkind World
And to blind Cells, and Grotto's hurl'd,
When thought the Fantom of ſome crazy Brain,
Fit for grave *Anchorets* to entertain,
A thin *Chimæra*, whom dull Gown-Men frame
To gull deluded Mortals with an empty Name.

XXIX.

Thou own'dſt no Crimes that ſhun'd the Light,
Whoſe Horror might thy Blood affright,
And force it to its known Retreat.
While the pale Cheeks do Penance in their White,
And tell that Bluſhes are too weak to expiate:
Thy Faults might all be on thy Forehead wore,
And the whole World thy Confeſſor.
Conſcience within ſtill kept Aſſize,
To puniſh and deter Impieties:
That inbred Judg, ſuch ſtrict Inſpection bore,
So travers'd all thy Actions ore;
Th' Eternal Judge could ſcarce do more:

Thoſe

Those little Escapades of Vice,
Which pass the Cognizance of most
I'th' Crowd of following Sins forgot and lost,
Could ne'er its Sentence or Arraignment miss:
Thou didst prevent the young desires of ill,
And them in their first Motions kill:
The very thoughts in others unconfin'd
And lawless as the Wind,
Thou couldst to Rule and Order bind.
They durst not any Stamp, but that of Virtue bear,
And free from stain as thy most publick Actions were.
Let wild Debauchees hug their darling Vice,
And court no other Paradise,
Till want of Power
Bids 'em discard the stale Amour,
And when disabled Strength shall force
A short Divorce,
Miscall that weak forbearance Abstinence,
Which wise Morality and better Sence

Stiles but at best a sneaking Impotence.
Thine far a Nobler Pitch did fly
'Twas all free choice, nought of Necessity.
Thou didst that puny Soul disdain
Whose half-strain Virtue only can restrain;
Nor wouldst that empty Being own,
Which springs from Negatives alone,
But truly thought'st it always Virtues Skeleton.

XXX.

Nor didst thou those mean Spirits more approve,
Who Virtue, only for its Dowry love,
Unbrib'd thou didst her sterling self espouse:
Nor wouldst a better Mistris choose.
Thou couldst Affection to her bare *Idæa* pay,
The first that e'er caress'd her the Platonick way.
To see her in her own Attractions drest,
Did all thy Love arrest,
Nor lack'd there new Efforts to storm thy Brest.
Thy generous Loyalty
Would ne'er a *Mercenary* be,

But

But chose to serve her still without a Livery.
Yet wast thou not of Recompence debarr'd,
But countedst Honesty its own Reward;
Thou didst not wish a greater Bliss t' accrue,
For to be good to thee was to be happy too,
That secret Triumph of thy Mind,
Which always thou in doing well didst find,
Were Heaven enough, were there no other Heaven design'd.

XXXI.

What Virtues few possess but by Retail
In gross could thee their Owner call;
They all did in thy single Circle fall.
Thou wast a living *System* where were wrote
All those high Morals which in Books are sought.
Thy Practice did more Virtues share
Than heretofore the learned Porch e'er knew,
Or in the *Stagyrites* scant *Ethics* grew:
Devout thou wast as holy *Hermits* are,
Which share their time 'twixt Ecstasie and Prayer.

Modest as Infant Roses in their bloom,
Which in a Blush their Lives consume,
So Chast, the Dead are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Power.
So pure, that if blest Saints could be
Taught Innocence, they'd gladly learn of thee.
Thy Virtues height in Heaven alone could grow
Not to ought else would for Accession owe:
It only now's more perfect than it was below.

XXXII.

Hence, tho' at once thy Soul liv'd here and there,
Yet Heaven alone its Thoughts did share;
It own'd no home, but in the active Sphere.
Its Motions always did to that bright Centre rowl,
And seem'd t' inform thee only on Parole.
Look how the Needle does to its dear *North* incline,
As wer't not fixt 'twould to that Region climb;
Or mark what hidden force
Bids the Flame upwards take its course,
And makes it with that Swiftness rise,

As

As if 'twere wing'd by th' Air thro' which it flies.
Such a ſtrong Virtue did thy Inclinations bend,
And made 'em ſtill to the bleſt Manſions tend.
That mighty Slave whom the proud Victor's Rage
Shut Priſ'ner in a golden Cage,
Condemn'd to glorious Vaſſalage,
Ne'er long'd for dear Enlargement more,
Nor his gay Bondage with leſs patience bore,
Than this great Spirit brookt its tedious Stay,
While fetter'd here in brittle Clay,
And wiſh'd to diſengage and fly away.
It vex'd and chaf'd, and ſtill deſir'd to be
Releas'd to the ſweet Freedom of Eternity.

XXXIII.

Nor were its Wiſhes long unheard,
Fate ſoon at its deſire appear'd.
And ſtrait for an Aſſault prepar'd.
A ſudden and a ſwift Diſeaſe
Firſt on thy Heart Life's chiefeſt Fort does ſeize,
And then on all the Suburb-vitals preys:

Next it corrupts thy tainted Blood,
And ſcatters Poyſon through its purple Flood.
Sharp Aches in thick Troops it ſends,
And Pain, which like a Rack the Nerves extends.
Anguiſh through every Member flies,
And all thoſe inward *Gemonies*
Whereby frail Fleſh in Torture dies.
All the ſtaid Glories of thy Face,
Where ſprightly Youth lay checkt with manly (Grace,
Are now impair'd,
And quite by the rude hand of Sickneſs mar'd.
Thy Body where due Symmetry
In juſt proportions once did lie,
Now hardly could be known,
Its very Figure out of Faſhion grown;
And ſhould thy Soul to its old Seat return,
And Life once more adjourn,
'Twould ſtand amaz'd to ſee its alter'd Frame,
And doubt (almoſt) whether its own Carcaſs were the ſame.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

And here thy Sickneſs does new matter raiſe
Both for thy Virtue and our Praiſe;
'Twas here thy Picture look'd moſt neat,
When deep'ſt in Shades 'twas ſet,
Thy Virtues only thus could fairer be
Advantag'd by the Foil of Miſery.
Thy Soul which haſten'd now to be enlarg'd,
And of its groſſer Load diſcharg'd,
Began to act above its wonted rate,
And gave a Prælude of its next unbody'd State.
So dying Tapers near their Fall,
When their own Luſtre lights their Funeral,
Contract their Strength into one brighter Fire,
And in that Blaze triumphantly expire,
So the bright Globe that rules the Skies,
Tho' he gild Heav'n with a glorious Riſe,
Reſerves his choiceſt Beams to grace his Set;
And then he looks moſt great,
And then in greateſt Splendor dies.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Thou ſharpeſt Pains didſt with that Courage (bear,
And ſtill thy Looks ſo unconcern'd didſt wear:
Beholders ſeem'd more indiſpos'd than thee;
For they were ſick in Effigie.
Like ſome well-faſhion'd Arch thy Patience ſtood,
And purchas'd Firmneſs from its greater Load.
Thoſe Shapes of Torture, which to view in Paint
Would make another faint;
Thou could'ſt endure in true Reality,
And feel what ſome could hardly bear to ſee.
Thoſe *Indians* who their Kings by Tortures choſe,
Subjecting all the Royal Iſſue to that Teſt
Could ne'er thy Sway refuſe,
If he deſerves to reign that ſuffers beſt.
Had thoſe fierce Savages thy Patience view'd,
Thou'dſt claim'd their Choice alone;
They with a Crown had paid thy Fortitude,
And turn'd thy Death-bed to a Throne.

XXXVII.

XXVII.

All those Heroick Pieties,
Whose Zeal to Truth made them its Sacrifice:
Those nobler *Scævola's*, whose holy Rage
Did their whole selves in cruel Flames engage,
Who did amidst their Force unmov'd appear,
As if those Fires but lambent were;
Or they had found their *Empyream* there.
Might these repeat again their Days beneath,
They'd seen their Fates out-acted by a natural Death,
And each of them to thee resign his Wreath.
In spite of Weakness and harsh Destiny,
To relish Torment, and enjoy a Misery:
So to caress a Doom,
As make its Sufferings Delights become:
So to triumph o'er Sense and thy Disease,
As amongst Pains to revel in soft Ease:
These Wonders did thy Virtues worth enhance,
And Sickness to dry Martyrdom advance.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Yet could not all theſe Miracles ſtern Fate avert,
Or make't without the Dart.
Only ſhe paus'd a while with Wonder ſtrook,
A while ſhe doubted if that Deſtiny was thine,
And turn'd o'er again the dreadful Book,
And hop'd ſhe had miſtook;
And wiſh'd ſhe might have cut another Line.
But dire Neceſſity
Soon cry'd 'twas thee,
And bad her give the fatal Blow.
Strait ſhe obeys, and ſtrait the vital Powers grow
Too weak to grapple with a ſtronger Foe,
And now the feeble Strife forgoe.
Life's ſap'd Foundation every Moment ſinks,
And every Breath to leſſer compaſs ſhrinks;
Laſt panting Gaſps grow weaker each Rebound,
Like the faint Tremblings of a dying Sound:
And doubtful Twilight hovers o'er the Light,
Ready to uſher in Eternal Night.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

Yet here thy Courage taught thee to out-brave
All the ſlight Horrors of the Grave:
Pale Death's Arreſt
Ne'er ſhock'd thy Breaſt;
Nor could it in the dreadfulſt Figure dreſt.
That ugly Skeleton may guilty Spirits daunt,
When the dire Ghoſts of Crimes departed haunt,
Arm'd with bold Innocence thou couldſt that *Mormo* dare,
And on the bare-fac'd King of Terrors ſtare,
As free from all Effects as from the cauſe of Fear.
Thy Soul ſo willing from thy Body went,
As if both parted by Conſent.
No Murmur, no Complaining, no Delay,
Only a Sigh, a Groan, and ſo away.
Death ſeem'd to glide with Pleaſure in,
As if in this Senſe too 't had loſt her Sting.
Like ſome well-acted Comedy Life ſwiftly paſt,
And ended juſt ſo ſtill and ſweet at laſt.

Thou-

Thou like its Actors, ſeem'dſt in borrow'd Habit here beneath,
And couldſt, as eaſily
As they do that, put off Mortality.
Thou Breathedſt out thy Soul as free as common Breath,
As unconcern'd as they are in a feigned Death.

XL.

Go happy Soul, aſcend the joyful Sky,
Joyful to ſhine with thy bright Company:
Go mount the ſpangled Sphere,
And make it brighter by another Star;
Yet ſtop not there, till thou advance yet higher,
Till thou art ſwallow'd quite
In the vaſt unexhauſted Ocean of Delight:
Delight, which there alone in its true Eſſence is,
Where Saints keep an eternal Carnival of Bliſs:
Where the *Regalio's* of refined Joy,
Which fill, but never cloy,
Where Pleaſures ever growing, ever new,
Immortal as thy ſelf, and boundleſs too.

There

There may'ſt thou learned by *Compendium* grow;
For which in vain below
We ſo much time, and ſo much pains beſtow:
There may'ſt thou all *Idea's* ſee,
All wonders which in Knowledg be
In that fair beatifick mirror of the Deity.

XLI.

Mean while thy Body mourns in its own Duſt,
And puts on Sables for its tender Truſt.
Tho' dead, it yet retains ſome untoucht Grace,
Wherein we may thy Soul's fair Foot-ſteps trace;
Which no Diſeaſe can frighten from its wonted place:
E'en its Deformities do thee become,
And only ſerve to conſecrate thy Doom.
Thoſe marks of Death which did its Surface ſtain
Now hallow, not profane.
Each Spot does to a Ruby turn;
What foil'd but now, would now adorn.
Thoſe Aſterisks plac'd in the Margin of thy Skin

Point

Point out the nobler Soul that dwelt within:
Thy leſſer, like the greater World appears
All over bright, all over ſtuck with Stars.
So *Indian* Luxury when it would be trim,
Hangs Pearls on every Limb.
Thus amongſt ancient Picts Nobility
In Blemiſhes did lie;
Each by his Spots more honorable grew,
And from their Store a greater Value drew:
Their Kings were known by th' Royal Stains they bore,
And in their Skins their Ermin wore.

XLII.

Thy Blood where Death triumph'd in greateſt State,
Whoſe Purple ſeem'd the Badge of Tyrant-Fate,
And all thy Body o'er
Its ruling Colours bore:
That which infected with the noxious Ill
But lately help'd to kill,
Whoſe Circulation fatal grew.

And

And thro' each part a ſwifter Ruin threw.
Now conſcious, its own Murther would arraign;
And throngs to ſally out at every Vein.
Each Drop a redder than its native Dye puts on,
As if in its own Bluſhes 'twould its Guilt attone.
A ſacred Rubrick does thy Carcaſs paint,
And Death in every Member writes the Saint:
So *Phœbus* cloaths his dying Rays each Night,
And bluſhes he can live no longer to give Light.

LXIII.

Let Fools, whoſe dying Fame requires to have
Like their own Carcaſſes a Grave,
Let them with vain Expence adorn
Some coſtly Urn,
Which ſhortly, like themſelves, to Duſt ſhall turn.
Here lacks no *Carian* Sepulchre,
Which Ruin ſhall ere long in its own Tomb inter:
No fond *Ægyptian* Fabrick built ſo high
As if 'twould climb the Sky,
And thence reach Immortality.

Thy Virtues ſhall embalm thy Name,
And make it laſting as the Breath of Fame.
When frailer Braſs
Shall moulder by a quick Decreaſe;
When brittle Marble ſhall decay,
And to the Jaws of Time become a Prey.
Thy Praiſe ſhall live, when Graves ſhall buried lie,
Till Time it ſelf ſhall die,
And yield its triple Empire to Eternity.

To

To the Memory of that worthy Gentleman, Mr. Harman Atwood.

PINDARIQUE.

I.

NO, I'll no more repine at Deſtiny,
Now we poor common Mortals are content to die,
When thee, bleſt Saint, we cold and breathleſs ſee,
Thee, who if ought that's great and brave,
Ought that is excellent might ſave,
Had juſtly claim'd Exemption from the Grave,
And cancell'd the black-irreverſible Decree.
Thou didſt alone ſuch Worth, ſuch Goodneſs ſhare
As well deſerv'd to be immortal here;
Deſerve a Life as laſting as the Fame thou art to wear.
At leaſt, why went thy Soul without its Mate?

Why did they not together undivided go?
So went (we're told) the fam'd Illuſtrious Two.
(Nor could they greater Merits ſhew,
Altho' the beſt of Patriarchs that,
And this the beſt of Prophets was)
Heav'n did alive the bleſſed Pair tranſlate;
Alive they launch'd into Life's boundleſs Happineſs,
And never paſt Death's Straights and narrow Seas;
Ne'er enter'd the dark gloomy Thorowfare of Fate.

II.

Long time had the Profeſſion under Scandal lain,
And felt a general tho' unjuſt Diſdain,
An upright Lawyer Contradiction ſeem'd,
And was at leaſt a Prodigy eſteem'd.
If one perhaps did in an Age appear,
He was recorded like ſome Blazing Star;
And Statues were erected to the wondrous Man,
As heretofore to the ſtrange honeſt Publican.
To thee the numerous Calling all its thanks ſhould give,

To

To thee who couldſt alone its loſt Repute retrieve.
Thou the vaſt wide extremes didſt reconcile,
The firſt, almoſt, e'er taught it was not to beguile.
To each thou didſt diſtribute Right ſo equally,
Ev'n Juſtice might her ſelf correct her Scales by thee.
And none did now regret
Her once bewail'd Retreat,
Since all enjoy'd her better Deputy.
Henceforth ſucceeding Time ſhall bear in mind,
And Chronicle the beſt of all the kind:
The beſt e'er ſince the man that gave
Our ſuffering God a Grave;
(That God who living no Abode could find,
Tho' he the World had made, and was to ſave)
Embalming him, he did embalm his Memory,
And make it from Corruption free:
Thoſe Odors kindly lent perfum'd the Breath of (Fame,
And fixt a laſting Fragrancy upon his Name;
And rais'd it with his Saviour to an Immortality.

III.

Hence the ſtale muſty Paradox of equal Souls,
That ancient vulgar Error of the Schools,
Avow'd by dull Philoſophers and thinking Fools.
Here might they find their feeble Arguments o'er-thrown:
Here might the grave Diſputers find
Themſelves all baffl'd by a ſingle Mind,
And ſee one vaſtly larger than their own,
Tho all of theirs were mixt in one,
A Soul as great as e'er vouchſaf'd to be
Inhabiter in low Mortality;
As e'er th' Almighty Artiſt labour'd to infuſe,
Thro' all his Mint he did the brighteſt chuſe;
With his own Image ſtampt it fair,
And bid it ever the Divine Impreſſion wear;
And ſo it did, ſo pure, ſo well,
We hardly could believe him of the Race that fell:
So ſpotleſs ſtill, and ſtill ſo good,

As

As if it never lodg'd in Fleſh and Blood.
Hence conſcious too, how high, how nobly born:
It never did reproach its Birth,
By valuing ought of baſe or meaner worth,
But look'd on earthly Grandeur with Contempt and (Scorn.

IV.

Like his All-great Creator, who
Can only by diffuſing greater grow:
He made his chiefeſt Glory to communicate,
And choſe the faireſt Attribute to imitate.
So kind, ſo generous, and ſo free,
As if he only liv'd in Courteſie.
To be unhappy did his Pity claim,
Only to want it did deſerve the ſame: (Miſery.
Nor lack'd there other Rhetorick than Innocence and
His unconfin'd unhoarded Store
Was ſtill the vaſt Exchequer of the poor;
And whatſoe'er in pious Acts went out
He did in his own Inventory put:

For well the wise and prudent Banker knew
His Gracious Sovereign above would all repay,
And all th' expences of his Charity defray;
And so he did, both Principal and Interest too,
And he by holy Prodigality more wealthy grew.
Such, and so universal is the Influence
Which the kind bounteous Sun does here dispense:
With an unwearied indefatigable Race,
He travels round the World each day,
And visits all Mankind, and every place,
And scatters Light and Blessings all the way.
Tho' he each hour new Beams expend,
Yet does he not like wasting Tapers spend.
Tho' he ten thousand years disburse in Light,
The boundless Stock can never be exhausted quite.

V.

Nor was his Bounty stinted or design'd,
As theirs who only partially are kind;
Or give where they Return expect to find:

But

But like his Soul, its fair Original:
'Twas all in all,
And all in every part,
Silent as his Devotion, open as his Heart.
Brib'd with the Pleasure to oblige and gratifie,
As Air and Sunshine he dispos'd his Kindness free,
Yet scorn'd Requitals, and worse hated Flattery,
And all obsequious Pomp of vain formality.
Thus the Almighty Bounty does bestow
Its Favors on our undeserving Race below;
Confer'd on all its loyal Votaries;
Confer'd alike on its rebellious Enemies.
To it alone our All we owe,
All that we are and are to be,
Each Art and Science to its Liberality,
And this same trifling jingling thing call'd Poetry.
Yet the great Donor does no costly Gratitude re-
(quire,
No Charge of Sacrifice desire;
Nor are w' expensive Hecatombs to raise,
As heretofore,

To

To make his Altars float with reeking Gore.
A ſmall Return the mighty Debt and Duty pays,
Ev'n the cheap humble Off'ring of worthleſs Thanks and Praiſe.

IV.

But how, bleſt Saint, ſhall I thy numerous Virtu es (ſum,
If one or two take up this room?
To what vaſt Bulk muſt the full *Audit* come?
As that bold Hand that drew the faireſt Deity,
Had many naked Beauties by,
And took from each a ſeveral Grace, and Air, and (Line,
And all in one Epitome did joyn
To paint his bright Immortal in a Form Divine:
So muſt I do to frame thy Character.
I'll think whatever Men can good and lovely call,
And then abridge it all,
And crowd, and mix the various *Idæa's* there;
And yet at laſt of a juſt Praiſe deſpair,
Whatever ancient Worthies boaſt,

Which

Which made themſelves and Poets their Deſcribers great,
From whence old Zeal did Gods and Shrines create;
Thou hadſt thy ſelf alone engroſt,
And all their ſcatter'd Glories in thy Soul did meet:
And future Ages, when they eminent Virtues ſee,
(If any after thee
Dare the Pretence of Virtue own,
Without the Fear of being far out-done)
Shall count 'em all but Legacy,
Which from the Strength of thy Example flow,
And thy fair Copy in a leſs correct Edition ſhow.

VII.

Religion over all did a juſt Conduct claim,
No falſe Religion which from Cuſtom came,
Which to its Font and Country only ow'd its Name:
No Iſſue of devout and zealous Ignorance,
Or the more dull Effect of Chance;
But 'twas a firm well-grounded Piety,

That

That knew all that it did believe, and why;
And for the glorious Cauſe durſt die,
And durſt out-ſuffer ancient Martyrology.
So knit and interwoven with its being ſo,
Moſt thought it did not from his Duty, but his Nature flow.
Exalted far above the vain ſmall Attacks of Wit,
And all that vile gay lewd Buffoons can bring,
Who try by little Railleries to ruin it,
And jeer't into an unreguarded poor defenceleſs (thing,
The Men of Sence who in Confederacy join
To damn Religion, had they view'd but thine,
They'd have confeſt it pure, confeſt it all divine,
And free from all Pretences of Impoſture or Deſign.
Pow'rful enough to counter-act lewd Poets and the Stage,
And Proſelyte as faſt as they debauch the Age;
So good, it might alone a guilty condemn'd World reprieve,
Should a deſtroying Angel ſtand
With brandiſh'd Thunder in his Hand,
Ready

Ready the bidden Stroke to give;
Or a new Deluge threaten this and every Land.

VIII.

Religion once a quiet and a peaceful Name,
Which all the Epithets of Gentleneſs did claim,
Late prov'd the Source of Faction and inteſtine Jars:
Like the Fair teeming *Hebrew*, ſhe
Did travel with a wrangling Progeny,
And harbor'd in her Bowels Fewds and Civil Wars.
Surly, uncomplaiſant, and rough ſhe grew,
And of a ſoft and eaſie Miſtris turn'd a Shrew.
Paſſion and Anger went for marks of Grace,
And looks deform'd and ſullen ſanctifyed a Face.
Thou firſt its meek and primitive Temper didſt reſtore,
Firſt ſhew'dſt how men were pious heretofore:
The gall-leſs Dove, which otherwhere could find no Reſt,
Early retreated to its Ark, thy Breaſt,
And ſtraight the ſwelling Waves decreaſt
And ſtraight tempeſtuous Paſſions ceaſt,

Like

Like Winds and Storms where ſome fair *Halcyon* builds her Neſt.

No overheating Zeal did thee inſpire,
But 'twas a kindly gentle Fire,
To warm, but not devour,
And only did refine, and make more pure:
Such is that Fire that makes thy preſent bleſt Abode
The Reſidence and Palace of our God.

And ſuch was that bright unconſuming Flame,
So mild, ſo harmleſs and ſo tame,
Which heretofore ith' Buſh to *Moſes* came:
At firſt the Viſion did the wondring Prophet ſcare,
But when the voice had check'd his needleſs Fear,
He bow'd and worſhipp'd and confeſt the Deity was there.

IX.

Hail Saint Triumphant! hail Heav'ns happy Gueſt.
Hail new Inhabitant amongſt the bleſt!
Methinks I ſee kind Spirits in convoy meet,
And with loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet.

Who,

Who, could they grieve, would go with Grief away

To ſee a Soul more white, more pure than they:

By them thou'rt led on high

To the vaſt glorious Apartment of the Deity.

Where circulating Pleaſures make an endleſs Round

To which ſcant Time or Meaſure ſets no Bound,

Perfect unmixt Delights without Alloy,

And whatſoe'er does earthly Bliſs annoy,

Which oft does in Fruition Pall and oft'ner Cloy:

Where Being is no longer Life but Extaſie,

But one long Tranſport of unutterable Joy.

A Joy above the boldeſt flights of daring verſe,

And all a Muſe unglorify'ed can fancy or rehearſe:

There happy Thou

From Troubles and the buſtling toil of Buſineſs free,

From noiſe and *tracas* of tumultuous Life below,

Enjoy'ſt the ſtill and calm Vacation of Eternity.

F I N I S.

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